VARIETY;

A

COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS:

by Richard Griffith.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE.

DUBLIN:

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M,DCC,LXXXII.

17473.26.14.20

HARVARD COLLEGE
2 Nov 1905
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PROLOGUE.

By RICHARD TICKELL, Esq;

Spoken by Mr. KING.

AMID the rivals of contending trade,
That court variety's ſucceſſive aid;
Two neighbouring houſes moſt exert their cares,
To deck with novelty their *patent* wares;
Both in their turns your *generous* cuſtom gain,
For both a powerful *company* maintain
In Covent-garden, and at Drury-lane.
What emulation fires this rival pair—
Variety their everlaſting care!
What choice aſſortments each preſents to view!
Now furbiſh'd remnants, now whole pieces---new;
And now old patterns, by the ſciſſors ſkill,
Slice into ſafety---like a cut bank bill.
Here all the ſattin of Circaſſia ſhines,
Or home-ſpun ſtuff, with Scottiſh plaid combines,
There chequer'd Harlequin's, fair Virtue calls,
To negro nymphs in linſey wolſey ſhawls:
Chictaws and Tictaws, all the town entice,
True Eaſtern ſplendour—"*Nothing but full price.*"
Till good old Lun rebukes the haughty boaſt,
Stalks from his tomb, and ſinks *a half price ghoſt.*
What then to juſtly gain this precious name,
What true Variety now ſues for fame?——
Let your own judgment fix our author's plea,
To *that* we truſt to-night's Variety.
No foſtering paragraph our Muſe can boaſt,
To ſlip young laurels in the Morning Poſt;
Or cull the ſeedling Puffs at random ſet,
To thrive tranſplanted in the Noon Gazette;
Such bankrupt tricks let falſe ambition play,
And live on paper credit day by day.
Variety diſdains to truſt her cauſe
To ſelfiſh flattery and to bought applauſe---
What ſays the Town? Do more---reform enough,
That Bruſſels Gazette ſtop, the prompter's puff---

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PROLOGUE.

The prompter's eye in a fine frenzy fit,
Glances from pit to box, from box to pit;
And as his fancy bodies forth whole rows
Of abſent Belles, and viſionary Beaux;
His fertile pen aſſiſts the ideal vapours,
And gives them local fixtures in the papers.
There the bold tropes of adulation glow,
Reſplendent crowds the teeming houſe o'erflow;
Repeated burſts attend the ſcene throughout,
And the play cloſes with a general ſhout.
But this fictitious currency is paſt,
Falſe draughts, and fame muſt be diſgrac'd at laſt:
In wealth, as wits, for treaſure or applauſe,
True genuine credit is the public cauſe:
The laws of taſte at leaſt ſhould ſtill be free,
Aſſert them kindly---for VARIETY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Commodore Broadſide,	Mr. KING.
Captain Seafort,	Mr. PALMER.
Sir Timothy Valerian,	Mr. PARSONS.
Lord Frankly,	Mr. BRERETON.
Major Seafort,	Mr. BADDELEY.
Mr. Steady,	Mr. BANNISTER, Jun.
Sir Frederick Fallal,	Mr. R. PALMER.
Mr. Morley,	Mr. SMITH.
Miſs Harriet Temple,	Miſs FARREN.
Lady Fallal,	Miſs POPE.
Lady Frankly,	Mrs. BRERETON.
Mrs. Buſtle,	Mrs. HOPKINS.
Lady Courtney,	Mrs. ABINGTON.

VARIETY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

LORD FRANKLY'S HOUSE.

Lord *and* Lady Frankly.

La. Fr. HOW different, my dear Charles, are my feelings from thoſe which my friend, Lady Courtney, deſcribed on her arrival in London:—To her all was hurry, tumult and diſtraction; while my breaſt feels only chearful happineſs and ſmiling peace.

L. Fr. 'Tis love, my Fanny, charms the buſy ſcene, and from his ſhrine each object catches a more pleaſing light. Until your preſence enlivened this manſion, I uſed to think every hour I ſpent in it tedious and dull——but ſince you entered it—Cupid has choſen it for its favorite temple, and the hours obedient fly at his command.

Enter a Servant, *who preſents a letter to Lady Frankly.*

Serv. From Lady Courtney, madam. [*Exit.*

La. Fr. It is my dear Charlotte's hand.

[*Reads it haſtily.*

L. Fr. From Lady Courtney! How unfortunate is her arrival at this time—and how ungenerous to wound my peace for ever, by her preſence.——[*Aſide.*]

La. Fr. Sweet Charlotte,——ſhe is all impatience to congratulate me on my marriage;——but how ſhall I be diſtreſſed with her kindneſs, when I have nothing to offer her in return, but condolence on her recent loſs.

L. Fr.

L. Fr. If you mean that of her huſband, my dear, I believe ſhe will readily excuſe your ſilence on that ſubject: ſhe is too well bred to bring grief into company; like an humble companion, it is excluded from all faſhionable circles, and even at home, it is ſeldom admitted but as a foil to ſet off a lady's charms.

La. Fr. I thought, my lord, you were better acquainted with my friend's diſpoſition, than to claſs her with that unfeeling herd, which I believe exiſts more in ideal than in real life; but ſhe will be here this morning, and I am ſure, when you know her better, her lively unaffected manners and delicacy of ſentiment will raiſe a little altar for her in your breaſt;——but yet, my Charles muſt not worſhip there.

L. Fr. How were that poſſible, while your dear image claims my whole devotion.

La. Fr. Upon recollection, would it not be kinder if I called on Lady Courtney firſt: It will ſhew her that I am as anxious to ſee her, as ſhe is to congratulate me.

L. Fr. It would be out of all propriety and rule, my dear Fanny; beſides, you cannot expect that Lady Courtney would be ſo ill bred as to ſee you; decency would prevent her being at home on ſo irregular a viſit: but theſe are myſteries into which you will very ſoon be initiated, and without knowing them there's no living in the Great World.—Indeed, my dear, I wiſhed to give you a few hints before you launched into it, that might ſerve to regulate your general conduct, I mean in public only, for with me I ſhould ever wiſh you to appear as you are,——graceful Nature and Sincerity.

La. Fr. But ſuppoſe, my lord, we were to make a bold attempt, and try to bring Nature into faſhion.

L. Fr. O no, my dear, it would never do; ſhe would be quite awkward among the ladies of this age:—— Beſides, Nature is timid and unpreſuming, and Art would certainly put her out of countenance.

La. Fr. Then would ſhe appear more lovely in her confuſion, more adorned in her bluſhes,——but come, my dear Charles, I am impatient to receive your leſſons; and do not deſpair of my improvement; for ſurely, I ſhall be apt to learn where it is a delight even to hear the voice of my inſtructor.

L. Fr.

L. Fr. In the firſt place, then; though the names of Charles and Fanny are muſic to my ears, we muſt abſolutely never uſe them in company; for if we do, we ſhall be placed in two niches, by ſociety, and be conſidered by our acquaintance as a couple of antiques.

La. Fr. O dreadful! then we muſt be Lord and Lady Frankly all day long, and be as cold to one another as if we were really ſtatues in marble.

L. Fr. No, not quite marble. Modern Compoſition will do.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Lady Courtney, madam.

La. Fr. Shew her up inſtantly. [*Exit Servant.*

L. Fr. Then I ſhall juſt take this opportunity of calling on my banker.

La. Fr. Surely, my lord, you will ſtay to receive my friend, I ſhall not think her half ſo agreeable if ſhe deprives me of your company.

L. Fr. You muſt excuſe me, I have very particular buſineſs to tranſact, it will not, however, detain me long, and I ſhall ſee my Fanny again before dinner.

[*Exit in great haſte.*

Enter Lady Courtney.

La. Court. My dear Lady Frankly, I am all joy and impatience—and a hundred things elſe:——Lord Frankly gone! [*Aſide.*]

La. Fr. If my joy were capable of increaſe, it would be on ſeeing my dear Charlotte once more in England.

La. Court. But pray, my dear, where is your *caro ſpoſo*; I expected to find you together, cooing like two turtle doves on the ſame ſpray;—but perhaps Lord Frankly chuſes to be as faſhionable now that he is a huſband as he was allowed to be when unmarried, and already trembles at the diſgrace of being caught tête-à-tête with his wife.

La. Fr. I hope my Charles is ſuperior to ſuch weak prejudices, and would rather think the happineſs which virtuous love beſtows, an higher boaſt than the faint

praiſe

praiſe of a few empty coxcombs, whoſe moſt heroic courage but amounts in daring to do wrong.

La. Court. My dear, I did not literally mean that Lord Frankly was either aſhamed, or tired of you already; tho' he is—I mean was, a dear inconſtant creature.——I ſuppoſe he did not know I was coming.

La. Fr. Pardon me, madam,—I aſſure you he did.

La. Court. This is, indeed, extraordinary;—then 'tis plain he avoids me:——What have I done to forfeit his eſteem? [*Aſide.*]

La. Fr. But don't think me too ſerious, Charlotte, tho' you know you always ſaid I was a little romantic.

La. Court. O, frightfully ſo.——

La. Fr. And I know your heart to be perfectly good, tho' your raillery is ſometimes a little more ſprightly than I could wiſh.

La. Court. You are perfectly right, my dear, and that ſprightlineſs you complain of, is perhaps increaſed ſince I ſaw you, by the flippant manners of the French, whom I have ſo lately viſited.

La. Fr. I ſuppoſe your time paſt delightfully among

La. Court. O! for gaiety and pleaſure, there's no [illegible] France; but for real happineſs, I believe [illegible] Engliſh ſoil than in any other: I [illegible] met with it abroad, but, like all exotic [illegible] more ſubject to be blighted than thoſe which ſpring up naturally.

La. Fr. Did you return alone to England?

La. Court. O no; I deteſt being alone: I luckily met with a family of my acquaintance at Paris, who were bending their courſe to England, ſo I readily joined their party, and they afforded me infinite amuſement; though upon the whole the journey was rather tedious.

La. Fr. How could that be?—Did not you travel poſt?

La. Court. Yes, my dear; we had ſix animals to draw our carriage all the way; but French horſes are ſomething like French men—very ſpirited on the firſt onſet, but they "canna haud it."

La. Fr. Am I acquainted with any of your party?

La. Court.

La. Court. I believe not—but you certainly ſhall be. Lord Frankly knows them all.—Sir Frederick Fallal was one of them; who, though the moſt indolent creature in the world, is for ever flying from one kingdom to another, in ſearch of amuſement. In his laſt trip to Ireland, he married a ſprightly young woman of that country, with a very good fortune, but a little too buſtling to be elegant; and ever ſince their marriage, he has been trying to exhauſt both her purſe and her patience, with carrying her to *foreign parts*, as ſhe calls it.

La. Fr. They muſt have made an excellent contraſt.

La. Court. Incomparable—But that was not all——we had a near relation of Sir Frederick's, Sir Timothy Valerian was his odious name; a moſt ridiculous being, who owns all his failings, as he calls them, every hour; and at the ſame time confeſſes himſelf into every virtue he has not.—He went abroad for the good of his health, not that any thing ail'd him when he ſet out; but health, rude health, is his paſſion; he falls in love with it in every object he meets it; he is in purſuit of it from morning till night, and all his thoughts, words and actions are directed to that one object.

La. Fr. But how does he contrive to make health his conſtant occupation?

La. Court. Very eaſy, my dear—In the firſt place, he is himſelf a gentle perpetual motion; he ſings hymns, for the good of his health, half the day long. He often treats his friends with acting a ſong or a catch in the ſame manner; as thus, "Wind gently ever-green, &c."

[*Stretching out one arm, and then the other; then one foot, and then the other, with a jerk.*

So that before he gets half through a ſtanza, he is more like the figure of a wind-mill than a man. And this, he ſays, he does by preſcription, to ventilate his lungs, and quicken the circulation of his nervous fluids.

La. Fr. How ridiculous!——And was that all your party?

La. Court. Yes, my dear, *I* compleated the group; which, upon the whole, made an entertaining medley enough. [*Sound of voices behind the Scenes.*

La. Fr. I hear Lord Frankly's voice——I cannot help it, I muſt fly to meet him. [*Exit.*

La. Court. Happy Lady Frankly! who is not taught, as I have been, to drown each ſoft emotion of the heart, in outward coldneſs and affected levity.—But why ſhould Lord Frankly avoid me?——He cannot be vain enough to think I wiſh to interrupt his happineſs; this is the only thing that could have piqued me, to think of trifling with him again.

Re-enter Lady Frankly.

My dear Charlotte, I have juſt had a glimpſe of a man with Lord Frankly, who I am ſure muſt be Sir Timothy Valerian, from your deſcription of him.

Enter Sir Timothy, *and* Lord Frankly *following.*

Sir Tim. [*entering.*] You muſt preſent me, my Lord —it will do me all the good in the world; I know it will revive my ſpirits to have the pleaſure of being introduced to Lady Frankly. [*Bowing to* Lady Fr.

La. Fr. Sir Timothy Valerian does me infinite honour. [Lord Fra. *makes a diſtant bow to* Lady Court.

Sir Tim. Egad, ſhe's inſpir'd, to know my name before ſhe's told it. *(Aſide.)* Lady Courtney here too—What an enchanting circumſtance. Well, I own my failing, I do enjoy the ſight of elegant young women, in my heart.

L. Fr. [*with heſitation, to* Lady Court.] I am glad to ſee your Ladyſhip once more in England.

La. Court. [*To* Lord Fra.] My return gives me ſome pleaſure, my Lord, as it makes me a witneſs of your preſent happineſs.—How extraordinary is the change in Lord Frankly's manner; I know not how to account for it. [*Aſide.*]

L. Fr. [*aſide.*] Her attention diſtreſſes me; but I muſt try to make the converſation general, leſt Lady Frankly ſhould obſerve my uneaſineſs.

La. Fr. What means this embarraſſment, my Lord, are you not well?

L. Fr. O perfectly, my dear.—[*To* Lady Court.] What has your Ladyſhip done with my friend Morley?

I expected

I expected he would have followed your chariot wheels to England.

La. Cour. Why ſo did I, even to the laſt moment; not that he ever promiſed to come, but becauſe he had declared his firm reſolution of ſpending the winter at Paris—for you know he never does any thing he intends.

Sir Tim. Your Ladyſhip ſeems to underſtand Mr. Morley perfectly well, which is more than he can ſay of himſelf—I own my failing; I like to ſee a man ſteady, even though he is in the wrong.

L. Fr. He is, to be ſure, the ſtrongeſt mixture of ſenſe and abſurdity, of warmth and indifference—

La. Fr. But ſure I have been deceived, if your Ladyſhip's charms have not changed his philoſophy into downright paſſion.

La. Court. O hideous! How could you think ſo?—Why, my dear, do you know, that with all the politeneſs he ſhews for our ſex, the creature pretends to hold our underſtandings in utter contempt; and then he calls Love a graceful weakneſs in a woman, but awkward folly in a man.

Sir Tim. Yes, I always thought him too ſevere on the tender paſſion—but I own my failing; with me, Love is the true Balſam of Life, and I prefer it even to Tincture of Sage.—[*To* Lady Fra.] I ſuppoſe your Ladyſhip is in ecſtacies, from morning to night, with the pleaſures of London; though I believe they are not quite ſo bracing, after all, as the country amuſements.

La. Fr. I am no great judge of the difference, Sir Timothy, as I have not yet entered into the Great World—but I have never found my ſpirits fail either in town or country.

La. Court. I quite agree with you, Sir Timothy, that the country is an excellent medicine, for which reaſon I never take it but for the good of my health.

Sir Tim. Yes, yes, the country is bracing—but I own my failing; I love London dearly.

L. Fr. And pray, Sir Timothy, will you juſt tell me, what are the pleaſures of London, that you enjoy ſo highly? For I think you don't enter much into the public

public Amuſements——I have never met you at the Opera, for example, nor at Ranelagh, and I think you don't often figure at Almack's.

Sir Tim. O, I can tell you, my Lord—I can tell you how I amuſe myſelf, in a few words too, which I think are always the beſt—As I have obſerved that your great orators are never long lived; I want amuſement!—No! in the firſt place, I am electrified every morning before breakfaſt.

La. Court. That muſt be very amuſing.

Sir Tim. Your Ladyſhip thinks ſo, I dare ſay.

La. Fr. I beg, Sir Timothy, you will continue the account of your day, it opens in ſo extraordinary a manner, that I am impatient to hear the remainder of it.

Sir Tim. After my electrical operations, madam, I take my breakfaſt,—a mixture of ſaſafras and valerian tea,—incomparable ſweetners of the blood;——then, you ſee, I ſtretch my legs in the park for a couple of hours,—drop in at George's Coffee-houſe, where I ſtudy the Gazette for another hour;——after that, I ventulate my lungs, with explaining ſome difficult knotty point in politics to a few old friends. All this, you ſee, gets me an excellent appetite for my dinner; but then you may think, perhaps, that the pleaſure of the day is over; no, no, I aſſure you you're miſtaken—the beſt part is to come.

Lord Frankly, &c. with impatience. Indeed! O pray let's have it.

Sir Tim. After dinner I go to the coffee-houſe again, and from thence to a muſical club, which I have founded myſelf, where we execute catches and glees for the good of our health.

L. Fr. A good pleaſant remedy enough—but does it ſucceed?

Sir Tim. O perfectly, my lord, there's no exerciſe like it;—I am like an unſtrung baſs viol if I miſs it for one evening, and keep turning all night in my bed like a coffee roaſter:—It always ſecures me a good night's reſt, indeed I never leave the club till I am faſt aſleep:—But now I think of it, I muſt repeat my walk this morning, to get me an extraordinary good appetite, for I promiſed

to

to dine with Commodore Broadſide to-day, and he always eſteems his gueſts in proportion to the quantity they take of his beef and claret:—It may be a weakneſs, but I like to indulge the whim of a friend. [*Exit.*

La. Court. I have a thouſand things to talk to you about, my dear Lady Frankly, but I ſhall hope to ſee you very ſoon in Dover-ſtreet.

La. Fr. And I ſhall feel the ſame impatience.

L. Fr. Permit me the honor of handing you to your carriage. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, a Dreſſing Room in a Lodging Houſe.

Mrs. BUSTLE, very buſy putting every thing in order.

Enter Charles Steady.

Steady. Mrs. Buſtle, your ſervant.

Mrs. Buſtle. Bleſs me, Mr. Steady,—is it you? I was ſo buſy I never heard you coming; it was not for want of a proper reſpect, I aſſure you, that I did not make my congées, when you came into the room.

Steady. Whatever your congées may be, Mrs. Buſtle, I'll excuſe you.

Mrs. Buſtle. I never knew one of your cloth in my life that was not ready to excuſe any thing in the fair-ſex, from the General down to that little poſt my late dear huſband held, of drummer to the regiment, and for his ſake I honor the whole army—militia and all—partly that's my maxim;—for he was a fine fellow to be ſure;—wasn't he, Mr. Steady?

Steady. He was a very fine drummer, indeed, Mrs. Buſtle.

Mrs. Buſtle. Bleſs his merry ſoul; he uſed to beat the tattoo all day long to me; I thought I ſhould never recover his death—but I'm better—I'm better.—Yet I'm ſure I ſhould ſwoon at the ſight of a drum, even now, Mr. Steady.

Steady. But don't let us grow melancholy, Mrs. Buſtle. What ſignifies reviving old ſorrows, that are dead and buried too, long ago.

Mrs. Buſtle. Aye, very true, very true indeed; that was always my maxim. Well, I'm better—I'm better. But now, Mr. Steady, could not you recommend me

ſome

ſome merry kind of a gentleman as a lodger—One of a ſociable diſpoſition, do you ſee; for, to tell you the truth, I am quite dumb-founder'd, for want of ſomebody to talk to, partly.

Steady. Why, you have got one lodger already, Mrs. Buſtle.

Mrs. Buſtle. What ſignifies that, Mr. Steady.—I have one young lady, to be ſure, but ſhe's as ſilent as a drum—partly—She never ſpeaks to one, of herſelf, ſo that I can't anſwer her, you ſee; and if it was not out of reſpect for you, whom I have known ever ſince I belonged to the regiment, as I may ſay, I'd raiſe the price on her for her ſilence, I aſſure her; but as you recommended her—why I'd ſcorn to do ſuch a thing, partly.

Steady. Pray can I ſee Miſs Temple this morning? I have a meſſage to deliver to her.

Mrs. Buſtle. What, now I ſuppoſe, by your being dreſſed in your new regimentals, you came to pay her a viſit this morning—I do believe, Mr. Steady, that you have a little hankering after that young lady—and why not, ſays I?—for to be ſure ſhe's a ſweet temper'd gentle ſoul—And for all ſhe's ſo ſilent, I can't help liking her myſelf, partly—But as I was ſaying, I believe there's no love loſt between you, for ſhe always ſpeaks of you with a mighty deal of regard, partly.

Steady. Love for Miſs Temple! hankering! what can you mean? why I ſhould as ſoon think of deſerting my poſt in the field of battle as of endeavouring to obtain the heart of that young lady in my preſent unhappy condition.—No; I look up to her as to a ſuperior being, and with the ſame reſpect and diſtance: do you not know that ſhe is the daughter of my general, who had lately the honour of bravely giving his life in the ſervice of his king and country; and whenever I behold her, I think I ſee his gallant ſpirit hovering round her to guard her from every injury.

Mrs. Buſtle. A very fine maxim indeed, Mr. Steady, and I did not mean to ſay any thing againſt Miſs Temple in the leaſt, for I always knew ſhe was a ſtep higher than a drummer's lady—but I was only ſaying, that I thought that ſhe, nor no one elſe, partly, need be aſhamed of a little inkling for a Gentleman Volunteer, particularly

particularly for ſo perſonable a man as Mr. Steady; and —but here ſhe comes. [*Exit.*

Enter Harriet Temple.

Har. My worthy friend, I am ever happy to ſee you; yet I own each day that paſſes makes me wiſh more ſtrongly that you would haſten your return to your regiment.

Steady. My dear Miſs Temple, I entreat you not to be uneaſy on my account; I am not in the leaſt apprehenſive that my abſence from America will be conſidered in an improper light; beſides, my furlow has ſtill ſome months to run, and gratitude as well as inclination would prompt me to dedicate even my whole life to the daughter of my benefactor.

Har. O, name not gratitude; it does but add to my miſery to feel the obligations I owe you, and yet to know the impoſſibility of my ever being able to repay them.

Steady. Nay then, I fear I have forfeited your eſteem, or you would not think me unworthy of ſerving you.—As for obligations, I know not what you mean; I would have followed your father to the world's end, is it then too much to take this little voyage to guard what was moſt dear to him.

Har. My deſerving friend, I am but too ſenſible of your kindneſs and generoſity to a poor Orphan.

Steady. Do not ſpeak in this deſponding ſtile, I entreat you, Madam: ſurely, if ſuch a one as I have never wanted a friend, you muſt meet with numbers wherever you go.

Har. It is not for myſelf I fear; what moſt diſtreſſes me is, that in order to attend me to Europe you have neglected your own intereſt, and the proſpect of preferment, which your valour has ſo juſtly merited; by being abſent at the very time when your promotion was in agitation.

Steady. To be promoted to the rank of an officer, I will not deny, is an ambition my heart ever aimed at; but which I would only accept upon condition of having deſerved it; my abſence at preſent therefore cannot affect my cauſe. If my conduct has merited notice, I truſt in the generoſity of my officers to repreſent it to a Prince

a Prince whoſe characteriſtic it has ever been to be prompt in rewarding both the Soldier's and the Sailor's valour.—But I have wandered—I came here on purpoſe to acquaint you that I had this day the happineſs of meeting Captain Seafort.

Har. O, how could you forget it ſo long; tell me in an inſtant, is he well—is he happy—did he mention me?

Steady. Had I known it was of ſo much importance to you, madam, I ſhould have run out of breath to tell you he was well—[*Aſide.*] And if ſhe loves him he is ſurely happy.

Har. My friend, I bluſh at my impatience; but the news was ſudden, and ſurprize, you know——

Steady. You would have borne the intelligence I believe, had it come even more ſuddenly—[*Aſide.*]—But what right have I to be diſpleaſed?

Har. I am aſhamed to aſk any more queſtions about Seafort, and my friend here ſeems to be ſeized with a perverſe dumbneſs; yet I can't help it—[*To Steady.*]—Did Captain Seafort hint any thing to you about me?

Steady. No; he didn't hint any thing, I aſſure you.

Har. No!

Steady. No; it was all above board, and plain ſailing, on his ſide, at leaſt.

Har. What can you mean?

Steady. I mean, that he almoſt took away my breath with his embraces, when I told him that you were in London; and that he was ready to run me through the body the next minute, when I ſaid I could not give him your exact direction; but I told him he might chance to meet you at your Couſin's, the Iriſh lady; for, after the caution you gave me not to let any one know where you lived, I ſhould have feared offending you, if I had brought him here directly along with me.

Har. [*Aſide.*] I believe I ſhould have pardoned your imprudence, but 'tis better as it is.—Mr. Steady, you acted very properly; I would not wiſh, for many reaſons, to ſee Captain Seafort here; if therefore you ſhould meet him again, I entreat that you will not on any account diſcover to him the place of my retreat.—Now I think of it, I promiſed to call on my Couſin this very day at two o'clock.

Steady.

Steady. Then I will not detain you any longer, Madam, for I believe it is near that hour now.

Har. O quite, I believe, and I ſhould not chuſe to keep her waiting. [*Exit.*

Steady. Their mutual attachment is plain.—Happy, happy Seafort! But let me not encourage one envious or ungenerous feeling—If I was born unworthy of her affection, I will at leaſt continue to merit her eſteem.

SCENE, Lord FRANKLY's Houſe.

Enter Mr. Morley *and* Lord Frankly.

Mor. Well, well, my lord, we won't enquire what brought me over or how I came; I am more anxious to know how your bondage ſits upon you; how you wear the chain; I always thought your mind was of too free a turn to bear the fetters of confinement to one object only.

L. Fr. So did I too, Morley; but in this one object I have found all the charms and virtues of the whole ſex—So that I do not even feel thoſe fetters which you ſpeak of, nor ſhall I ever find them painful; I am convinced that it is only in trying to break them, that they ever became ſo—but from your manner of ſpeaking on this ſubject, I ſhould hope there was no great truth in the report of your intended marriage with Lady Courtney.

Mor. Why ſhould you hope ſo, my Lord?

L. Fr. Nay, if it is abſolutely ſo—I would not ſhake your attachment.

Mor. Your Lordſhip is jocular—My attachment!... I thought you knew me too well to ſuſpect me.

L. Fr. Come, come, George, you need not to be reſerved with me, for tho' I have long ſince got the better of my paſſion for her—I yet remember the powerful influence of her charms.

Mor. Your paſſion for Lady Courtney, my Lord!..., 'Zounds! here's a rival that I never heard of before. [*Aſide.*]

L. Fr. Yes, I am aſhamed to own that I once did love, and that moſt fondly, the moſt unfeeling of her ſex—But, thank Heaven, that is paſt.

Mor.

Mor. [*Impatiently.*] Are you ſure of that, my Lord —I mean to ſay—do you think you have no—no—foolish fondneſs for her, yet remaining.

L. Fr. If I thought there was the leaſt particle of my former weakneſs lurking in my heart, I wou'd—

Mor. What wou'd you do? ... [*Impatiently.*]

L. Fr. I wou'd caſt it from me: though I parted with life at the ſame inſtant.

Mor. Bravo! my Lord. You are a true philoſopher. I am delighted with your reſolution and ſpirit ... But pray inform me, Charles, how was it? You were in love with her, you ſay—did ſhe—I mean was ſhe—did ſhe return your paſſion.

L. Frank. Alas! my friend, I once thought ſo; but now I have reaſon to imagine, I only flatter'd and deceived myſelf.

Mor. Very likely—very likely, indeed, Sir.

L. Fr. She was juſt married when I ſaw her firſt, and who could behold her with impunity? She would have bent even the ſtubbornneſs of your philoſophy.

Mor. No, not quite that. I believe any thing but that.—

L. Fr. O had you ſeen her as I did, bearing in ſilent anguiſh the brutality of her huſband; who could reſiſt ſuch charms, in ſuch a ſituation! In vain I ſtrove to conceal my paſſion, which ſeem'd to ſtrengthen by reſtraint. Deſpair at length urged me to implore her pity.

Mor. Well, Sir—and did ſhe grant it?

L. Fr. She only wiſhed that ſhe ne'er had known me.

Mor. Zounds! that was quite enough, I think. [*Aſide.*

L. Fr. Then, with a modeſt firmneſs, forbad me her ſight. I obeyed; but ſtill my heart followed her ſteps, and when ſhe went abroad, my every thought was centered ſtill in her.

Mor. What then has changed your ſentiments ſo entirely?

L. Fr. Need you aſk me, Morley — Were you not yourſelf witneſs of the irregularity and diſſipation of her conduct at Paris? Was ſhe not ſurrounded, from morning till night, by a thouſand worthleſs fops, whom I know

I know ſhe encouraged; and do you think ſhe could hold a place in my heart after ſuch condeſcenſions.

Mor. I'll anſwer for it, ſhe gave no encouragement to fops, my Lord, whatever partiality ſhe might ſhow for a man of ſenſe. [*Aſide.*]

L. Fr. Are you then really ſerious, Morley, and do you think her capable—

Mor. By heavens! ſhe's an angel—I mean ſhe looks like one; but we can't anſwer, you know, for the heart of a woman.

L. Fr. Indeed, my friend, I fear all your philoſophy has not been able to ſhield you againſt the charms of this unworthy—

Mor. Unworthy, Sir! She is not unworthy—I mean not to my knowledge; tho' I don't care—I ſay, I'm quite indifferent about her, and I can behold her with all the apathy of a Stoic.

L. Fr. Why, George, you are at your old tricks again. I believe you are no philoſopher, after all.

Mor. I beg your pardon, my Lord. Few men have ſuch a happy command of their paſſions as myſelf; but it would ruffle the temper of Plato, to be ſuſpected of ſuch a ridiculous weakneſs. It would be rather too bad really.

L. Fr. I cannot help laughing, Morley—Ha! ha! ha! very ridiculous, indeed. Ha! ha! ha!

Mor. Abſurd to the laſt degree——But ſince your Lordſhip is diſpoſed to be merry at my expence, I muſt wiſh you a good morning.

L. Fr. Good morrow to you, Morley. Ha! ha! ha! [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE I.

SIR FREDERICK FALLAL'S HOUSE.

Sir Frederick *lolling in a Chair*, Lady Fallal *ſitting at Work.*

La. Fal. UPON my word now, Sir Frederick, I wonder how you find time to be ſo indolent; for my part, I have always ſo much to do, that I can never get a minute to myſelf all the day long, if I had ever ſo great a mind to do nothing.

Sir Fred. Really, my dear, I ſee not the leaſt reaſon for hurrying—my time never hangs heavy on my hands, and it is always ſufficient for my occupations.

La. Fal. Occupations! and a very pretty ſort they are to be ſure. To get up every day at two o'clock, and ſit ſtretching and gaping there, like a wide-mouthed frog, till they give you your breakfaſt; then take a turn in Rotten-row, and with difficulty get your French monkey to make that wig you wear look like your own hair, by ſix o'clock in the evening; and to tell you a ſecret, Sir Frederick, I would never have gone within a mile of a church with you, if I had known you wore the leaſt bit of falſity about you; for, in my country, the men ſcorn to hide any thing, and you may always ſpy their defects as well as their perfections with a *coup d'œil*, or a knock of the eye, as the French call it.

Sir Fred. But, my dear, you quite ſhock me by ſaying I wear a wig! Why, this hair you ſee is all my own, except a couple of elaſtic curls at the ſides, and a little addition behind, to ſtrengthen the *chinon*.

La. Fal. Well, we will leave it ſo, Sir Frederick; but to be ſure I can't help aſking myſelf ten times a day, and I'm never the wiſer for it neither, how I came to marry you at all, at all.

Sir Fred. I fancy, my dear, there were not many prettier

prettier fellows than Sir Frederick Fallal in the Bog of Allan.

La. Fal. Why, I could not help liking you to be ſure, becauſe you called me your Angel, and your Goddeſs, and ſeemed mighty fond of me—but you had no other charm that I can tell, except your being eaſy and careleſs, like myſelf.

Sir Fred. Well, my dear, and an't I ſtill as eaſy and careleſs as ever I was?

La. Fal. O! let you alone for that, Sir Frederick, but I'd have you underſtand that a careleſs acquaintance may be mighty agreeable, but a careleſs huſband is quite the contrary—the one may pay you now and then a pretty little ſhort viſit, but the other is a viſitation for life.

Sir Fred. Now, indeed, my dear, you are quite unreaſonable; have not I ſhewn the greateſt anxiety for your improvement, ever ſince we have been married? Did I not provide the firſt Maſter at Paris to teach you to move with grace.

La Fal. And a pretty thing he was to be ſure, to teach me motion and grace. A fawning, ſtiff, ſnuffy old fright—But I have the ſatisfaction to think I puniſhed him more than he did me, for I took care to fall on his old toes, every time time I was to make a jump, juſt for the pleaſure of hearing him ſay, "by Gar, her Ladyſhip did his foot a too much honour."

Sir Fred. I'm not much ſurpriſed at the vaſt progreſs you made, if that was the way you employed your time; but I was juſt going to mention to you, my dear, that I had appointed Signor Adagio, this very day, to give you a few leſſons in ſinging, as I am of opinion that ſome knowledge of harmony might poſſibly help to modulate, or ſoften off a little of your delightful brogue.

La. Fal. What's that you are ſaying, Sir Frederick? Soften off a little of my brogue—Then indeed you may ſpare yourſelf the trouble, and ſo may Signor Dagio too; for I would not part with any thing I brought from my own dear country upon any account whatever; and I'd have you to know, that I think my brogue, as you call it, the prettieſt feather in my cap; becauſe it tells every body, without their aſking, that I am an Iriſh woman; and I aſſure you, I am prouder of that title,

than

than I am of being called my Lady Fallal. For I don't believe there's a Fallal to be found in all Ireland, except myſelf, and I'm out of it.

Sir Fred. No, I flatter myſelf the Fallals are of a foreign extraction.

La. Fal. Well now, Sir Frederick, will you pleaſe to anſwer me one queſtion?

Sir Fred. Moſt willingly, my dear, if it don't require much conſideration; but in that caſe I muſt beg leave to be excuſed—for I hate conſideration—it quite fatigues me—and when I am obliged to reflect, I feel as if I had a great weight to lift, and I expire at the very apprehenſion of it.

Enter Sir Timothy Valerian.

Sir Tim. Right, Sir Frederick, thought is an abſolute enemy to digeſtion; and I am ſo thoroughly perſuaded of it, that I would give half my fortune to be entirely deprived of the powers of reflection.

La. Fal. O, then it is a pity you can't; for I believe no body would ever miſs it. [*Aſide.*

Sir Tim. Yet, upon ſecond thoughts, nephew, I think your calmneſs amounts to a greater degree of ſerenity than I ſhould wiſh to poſſeſs; it rather approaches to a torpid ſtate—Do you ſleep well at nights?

La. Fal. [*Sir Frederick takes a book.*] O, that he does, I aſſure you; and all day too—Why, he's dozing now.

Sir Tim. Aye, very likely—I wiſh I had my apparatus here—but as ſoon as I get all my electrical inſtruments home, I'll ſet up Sir Frederick with a touch—It is a failing I know, but I can't help it. I own, I do love to ſerve my friends.

La. Fal. O, if it will give him but a little life, Sir Timothy, let us have the inſtruments directly, and I'll play upon them myſelf, for I have tried lively tunes, and dull tunes, and all ſorts of tunes with him, but I never could get him out of a minuet ſtep.

Sir Fred. You are very kind, Sir Timothy, to conſider my caſe ſo minutely—but as I am not at all alarmed at it—and as none of my friends, thank Heaven, are members of the ſtrong club—I flatter myſelf they will like me better as I am, than if I were to ſtrike fire at them

them from every pore—ſo I hope you will excuſe my attending the conſultation any longer. [*Exit.*

Sir Tim. Moſt readily nephew—I would not force health upon you if you don't chuſe it—but he ſhall have a touch of the Promethean torch for all that, when he leaſt expects it—I'll ſhake hands with him ſome day and electrify him from top to toe without his knowing it.

[*Exit ſtretching himſelf.*

Enter Harriet Temple.

La. Fal. My dear Harriet, I'm mighty glad to ſee you; but what's the matter with you to-day, that you look ſo chearful? for I think, ſince you came from America, I have never ſeen a ſmile upon your countenance before.

Har. Can I look otherwiſe than happy when every moment I expect to ſee my Seafort, my dear William, whom I have ſo often mentioned to you.

La. Fal. Faith then, I am as glad of it as if he was coming to ſee myſelf—that's the gentleman I ſuppoſe that awoke poor Sir Frederick this morning, with the noiſe he made in the hall when he heard you were not here—but pray, my dear, if you expect him every moment why would you ſtir out, for who knows but you may find him gone before you get home again?

Har. I know your friendſhip will excuſe a liberty I mean to take.—

La. Fal. That you may be ſure of, my dear, though I don't know what it is—for there's nothing in the world I would not pardon in a friend, except a too great want of freedom.

Har. It is, that I would wiſh to meet my Seafort here, he knows no other addreſs to me at preſent; for though he is acquainted with my father's death, he is yet ignorant of the ſad reverſe of fortune which has attended me from that unhappy moment—and I would not wiſh to pain his generous breaſt, by diſcovering to him my wretched ſtation. No, I would hide myſelf for ever from him rather than make him a ſharer in my poverty.

La. Fal. That's a plain proof, Harriet, that you love him a great deal better than you love me; for you make

me

me a ſharer of your poverty every day, by refuſing to partake of my little abundance, when you know mighty well that I never found any pleaſure in a heavy purſe in my life, but when it could lighten the heart of a friend.

Har. My dear couſin, I am ſure your kindneſs ever lightens mine.

La. Fal. Then why will you vex me, by refuſing continually to come and live with me entirely; when I have told you over and over again, that if you had a houſe of your own, and I went but within a mile of it, I would ſtay there for a twelvemonth or longer, if I liked it, and think I did you a great favour all the time; for to be ſure there is no condeſcenſion ſo great as that of receiving an obligation.

Har. I am ſure I have always conſidered your houſe as my own.

La. Fal. Yes, my dear, and ſo you uſe it, juſt as the fine folks do theirs, by being ſeldom in it; but now, Harriet, that your gallant Seafort is arrived, you will ſoon have a houſe, or at leaſt a ſhip, of your own.

Har. I do not doubt my Seafort's love, and I know that if he were poſſeſſor of a throne, with joy he'd place me on it—but I alſo know that his fortune is confined, and that his marrying me, as I now am, without a ſhilling, and againſt his father's conſent—muſt ſhut out all his opening proſpects; and though amidſt that affluence which ſurrounded me during my father's life, my fondeſt hope was that of becoming Seafort's wife, I now fly from the idea.

La. Fal. And pray then, my dear, will you tell me what other idea you fly to, for we ſeldom part with a pleaſant hope, till we meet with an agreeable certainty.

Har. Then I have none but that of being wretched.

Enter a Servant.

Madam, there's a gentleman below deſires to ſee Miſs Temple.

La. Fal. Shew him up directly. [*Exit Serv.*]—I believe, my dear, you'll be able to entertain the young gentleman without my aſſiſtance—ſo you will excuſe my impoliteneſs in leaving you. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Seafort. [*Runs and embraces her.*]

Seaf. O, my Harriet! how my heart beats with delight to meet its only miſtreſs.

Har. O, Seafort! [*Burſts into tears.*]

Seaf. My life! my ſoul! tell me how you have endured the tedious moments, which have ſo long ſeparated us—but if you had borne them with as little patience as I have done, you ſurely would be more overjoy'd at my return.

Har. I cannot ſpeak!

Seaf. What can diſturb my Harriet's peace? tell me I intreat you—My life! and what little fortune I poſſeſs——need I ſay they are devoted to you——and if the ſacrificing both would procure you a moment's happineſs, ſhould I not think them nobly ſpent! Then how have I deſerved this cold reception? By heavens, ſome villain has dared to accuſe my faith——

Har. O no, my Seafort; and if it had been ſo, you would have found a ready advocate in my breaſt, to plead your cauſe with more than common warmth—But how can I merit ſuch a heart as yours? What return can I make for ſuch diſintereſted love?

Seaf. None, if your heart refuſes to pay back that love——You know, that from my boyiſh days, I have beheld you as the rich prize, the happy port of all my joys, and now——

Har. Yet have patience——

Seaf. Patience! Teach it to the wretch who ſees his ſhip-wreck'd treaſure daſh'd upon the rocks—In every danger, every difficulty I encountered, to the palm of honour and the ſervice of my country, was added the delight of thinking I defended thee, my Harriet!—and that I rendered myſelf more worthy of thy love; but ſince I have loſt your affection, and am dynied your confidence——

Har. O, do not add to my miſery, by ſeeming to doubt the conſtancy of a heart which has found no other joy ſince we have been parted, but that of dwelling on its Seafort's virtues!

Seaf. My deareſt Harriet, your words give me new life—let me chaſe thoſe fears, my love.—I will go this moment and acquaint my father with your arrival; and ſure, I hope, when he conſents to make me bleſt, you will not long delay to confirm your Seafort's happineſs.

Har. Let me conjure you not to mention me to your father—for as I am convinced my preſent ſituation would prevent him from giving his conſent to our union, I would rather make a voluntary ſacrifice of my happineſs to my Seafort's welfare, than receive the additional mortification of being rejected by his family.

af. Heavens! how you diſtract me: rejected by my family, impoſſible!——Your hand would do honour to the proudeſt.—What can you mean?

Har. I meant not to explain my ſituation; becauſe I thought your generous ſoul would combat every argument againſt our marriage—but know my reſolution is fix'd.—Your Harriet is become a wretched orphan! Poſſeſſing nothing but her Seafort's love—while I have that I yet am to be envied—but I ſhould be unworthy of that love, could I conſent to your incurring the diſpleaſure of a father—to your ſacrificing every laudable ambition for my ſake—while I ſhould feel every difficulty, every diſtreſs, that might attend you from our union tenfold, by being the unhappy cauſe of all your ſufferings.

Seaf. I cannot bear this, Harriet—I will not liſten to another word—is there a cloud that fortune could o'erſhadow me with, that one ſweet ſmile from you would not diſpel!

Har. Alas! my Seafort, a father's frown is heavier far to bear than Fortune's thickeſt gloom.

Seaf. I could not merit it by protecting you.

Har. Let me conjure you, my Seafort, to ſummon all your reſolution to bear our ſeparation with fortitude.—Glory and ambition ſhould forbid your thinking of me; Pride, Virtue, and even Gratitude muſt ever combat my affection for you.

Seaf.

Seaf. Oh! my Harriet, you muſt not leave me thus without telling me when I am to ſee you again, and where.

Har. Do not urge me further, I conjure you; be aſſured that nothing can ſhake my reſolution.—Alas! I muſt quit my Seafort—perhaps for ever—yet let my image dwell upon his heart, and lead him on to happineſs and honour. [*She burſts from him and exit.—Seafort ſtands motionleſs.*

Seaf. By heavens ſhe's an angel! there's nothing like her to be found on earth.

Enter Commodore Broadſide.

I challenge the whole world——

Com. That's right, young man; you're a true Engliſhman, I'll anſwer for you—I hate your people that do any thing by halves.

[*Seafort appears loſt in thought while the Commodore is ſpeaking.*]

Upon a nearer view too, I believe I am not miſtaken—[*Advancing to Seafort.*] Is not this my honeſt friend Will Seafort?

Seaf. Ah! Commodore Broadſide, I am glad to ſee you. [*Muſing.*

Com. I don't doubt it, Will; but what's the matter, my lad? You ſeem all a-back; wounds, what a pity to ſee ſuch a gallant fellow as you lower top-ſail.—You, who uſed to bear down all before you, and make the maſts and yards to crack again; but come, I hope there's no bad news, my dear lad.—He don't hear me—ſomething's in the wind I'm ſure, or he would not look ſo cloudy—ſome little privateer ſnow of yours, I ſuppoſe, that you left ſafe in port has gone a cruiſing without orders; eh, Will.

Seaf. I am not in a ſituation of mind to bear raillery at preſent, therefore, my dear friend, I hope you will excuſe me. [*Going.*

Com. Nay, but Will, I love you too well to part with you in ſuch a humour; come, chear up, my honeſt fellow—life is a voyage in which we muſt expect foul as well as fair weather.—I've been often aground myſelf, but was never the nearer the earth for that, Will.

Seaf. I know the honeſty of thy nature, my worthy friend, but you have never known what it is to love like me.

Com. I warrant me, Will.—In love? Aye, that I have been, fifty fathom deep, at leaſt—What, do you think there were no fine girls when I was young? I'll warrant the Dollies of my day equalled the Dorothies of yours.—But I have done with the gypſies; they ſhan't catch me ſighing and groaning after 'em any more; there is not one in ten of them worth a rope's end.

Seaf. What, Sir, will you not even except that dear ſiſter, of whom you have ſo often ſpoken to me?

Com. O, William, ſhe is in heaven; ſhe was too good to live; I conſider her as an apology for the whole ſex; and for her ſake will I ſtill honour and protect them.

Seaf. If you knew my Harriet, you would adore her too; ſhe is worth a thouſand worlds, and if I had 'em all I'd lay them at her feet.

Com. That's right, my boy, I like your ſpirit; I care not how hard it blows, though the wind's againſt us; but I can't bear a calm—but tell me how I can ſerve you, Will; you don't want money, I ſuppoſe? for my Banker could have ſupplied you with that.—Is the girl under hatches; or are there any old dragons on the watch? If that's the caſe, I'm your man for real action: I'm rather old, to be ſure, but I'm not leſs tough for that.—Come, ſhall we bear down and board them? Every girl loves an adventure in her heart; they are not always averſe to a little gentle force; and I have ſeen ſome of them that would not even follow their own inclinations without it.

Seaf. Alas! my dear friend, force would be uſeleſs on the preſent occaſion; my Harriet is free from all reſtraint, ſince her father's death; and yet refuſes to bleſs that flame, which I once vainly flattered myſelf ſhe approved.

Com. Why wounds, Will, how long have you been in chace of this new fail? It is but ſeven months ago when you were ſighing, like the northern monſoon,

for

for a little American frigate; and you have not been quite three watches in London, when you have ſlipped your old cable and got faſt moored with a new hauſer in an unknown port.—But the heart of a young man is like a log-board, on which we open a new account every morning, and a little ſalt water ſerves to waſh out the occurrences of the former day.

Seaf. I ſhould be a log-board indeed, Sir, if I could forget that little American frigate, as you call her.—No, my friend,—ſhe is my Harriet, and no other; ſhe had lately the misfortune to loſe her only parent, who bravely fell in the ſervice of his king and country; and upon his death ſhe returned immediately to England, which ſhe had quitted when a child.

Com. Come, come, Will; I like you the better for being conſtant, my boy.

Seaf. Judge of my mortification; when on my arrival at New-York, I learnt that ſhe had left it the day before. The admiral, however, in reward for ſome ſlight ſervices I had rendered him, gave me the command of a frigate, and ſent me home with diſpatches.—But to what purpoſe have the winds favoured my voyage? All my hopes are blaſted by my Harriet's unkindneſs.

Com. Why matters begin to look ſerious, Will—you are a brave fellow, and therefore ſcorn to take advantage of an innocent girl—a poor orphan—perhaps without a protector; and yet I hope you don't think of marrying; it's rather too ſoon for you to be made a yellow admiral of, to be laid up in harbour like the hulk of an old guardſhip, that is paſt channel ſervice.—No, no; I hope to ſee you give the Monſieurs, and Mynheers too, a few more knocks before you come to an anchor for life.

Seaf. You are right, my friend; but love is ſurely no foe to glory; and if fortune would but bleſs me with the poſſeſſion of my Harriet, I would receive her as the full reward of all I could deſerve.

Com. You are a noble fellow, Will; I wiſh you ſucceſs with all my heart; but I hope the girl has ſome money—not that I think it at all eſſential to happineſs—but

---but your father is not of the ſame opinion; and I believe he would as ſoon ſee you hanging at the main top-yard arm, as married to an angel without a fortune, and you are entirely dependant on him, you know; for all you have hitherto got by the ſervice is hard blows and a great deal of honour.---Her father, you ſay, was a general officer---many a gallant fellow, Will, has fallen at that rank with more credit than caſh.

Seaf. Fortune is indeed the obſtacle---not on my ſide but on her's---together with her father ſhe loſt every thing; and now, through a miſtaken delicacy and pride, ſhe refuſes to be mine, leſt ſhe ſhould involve me in difficulties, and cauſe me to incur the diſpleaſure of my father.---But what is father, friends, or fortune to me, when put in competition with my Harriet.

Com. Avaſt, avaſt, young man; why you are all ſail and no ballaſt---I deſpiſe the ſelfiſh maxims of worldly prudence as much as you; but then I think you may as well endeavour to get your father's conſent as not---there can be no harm in the old gentleman's bleſſing.

Seaf. But I know that is impoſſible.

Com. It will rather be a difficult jobb, I believe, for he's as wary as an old watch dog; but I'll have a trial for it at leaſt.

Seaf. Indeed, my friend, I fear you will never ſucceed with him; for though he has the greateſt reſpect for your character, he is ſo extremely cautious, that one would think he ſuſpected all mankind; and yet it is only himſelf he ſuſpects of being too eaſily impoſed upon.---Bred up in the army from his infancy, his whole ideas are military; and in the moſt trifling occurrences of life, he acts with all the caution of a general, moving in an enemy's country, who expected a maſk'd battery or an ambuſcade at every ſtep.

Com. Keep a good heart, Seafort; I've a little buſineſs with Sir Frederick here at preſent, but I'll ſee you in the evening; the old boy is to meſs with me to-day, and if I can bring the compaſs of his temper to the point of good humour, I'll open the whole affair to him.

Seaf. Succeſs attend you, my dear friend.

Com.

Com. Never fear, my honeſt fellow, ſomething will turn out for this little Harriet of yours.---Providence never deſerts a brave man's child, and if ſhe's ſo lucky as to get you for a huſband, ſhe'll have a gallant commander, I'll aſſure her.

SCENE, Lord FRANKLY's Houſe.

Enter Lord Frankly.

L. Fr. What an irreſiſtible thing is flattery: particularly when beauty wings the ſhaft; if ever ſo obliquely directed, ſome how or other, it always makes its way to the heart.---How firmly had I reſolved never to think or ſpeak of Lady Courtney more; yet with this little billet ſhe makes me aſhamed of ever having formed ſuch a reſolution, it looks ſo like ſuſpecting my own weakneſs---And well I may, for it has brought me into many a ſcrape, and never helped me out of one yet; but that fond love I bear my Fanny has ſteel'd my heart to every other object; ſo depending more on that than my own ſtrength, I think I may venture to obey Lady Courtney's ſummons.

[*Drops the letter.*

Enter Lady Frankly *(not perceiving* Lord Frankly.*)*

La. Fr. I wiſh I could forget the word---my Charles inconſtant! tho' it was ſo lightly ſpoken, it made a deep impreſſion---He is a dear inconſtant creature---Sure Lady Courtney never could have known it from her own experience. [*Seems loſt in thought.*]

L. Fr. She ſpeaks of Lady Courtney, of me, and of inconſtancy---I hope ſhe has not diſcovered any thing of my former attachment. [*Comes forward.*] So grave, my Fanny, and I the ſubject of your thoughts?

La. Fr. My Charles! had I known you were ſo near, they would have taken a livelier turn; for were I ever ſo melancholy, your preſence would change the ſilent to the ſparkling tear.

L. Fr. And yet this is not the firſt time I have ſeen you look grave to-day. Ever ſince Lady Courtney was here, I have perceived an alteration in your manner which

which might not have ſtruck a common obſerver, but in thoſe we truly love, Fanny, there is not a ſhade, a tint ſo delicate in the expreſſion of the countenance but what becomes a ſtriking colour to our eye.

La. Fr. I cannot feel reſerve towards you, my Lord; and though I am aſhamed of my weakneſs, ſince you have mentioned Lady Courtney, I will own to you I thought there was ſomething very particular in your manner of addreſſing each other.

L. Fr. I wiſh I had not touched upon that ſtring. [*Aſide, with heſitation.*] Upon my word, my dear, I am quite at a loſs to know what you mean; but this I am ſure of, Fanny, that could you ſee my heart, the lively tenderneſs it feels for you, would check the growth of every jealous thought .... [*Exit.*]

La. Fr. I would give the world now, I had not mentioned that fooliſh circumſtance; what an unkind return does it ſeem, for ſuch a heart, to doubt its conſtancy. [*Going, ſees the letter, and takes it up.*] My Charles has dropt this letter!—'tis directed to him, and by a female hand too—but what is that to me!—I will not look into it—'tis a delicacy I have never violated, nor ever will---could I ſee his heart, the lively tenderneſs it feels for me, would check the growth of every jealous thought. [*Exit.*]

L. Fr. [*Returns with impatience, and looks round.*] 'Twas here, I am ſure, I muſt have dropt the letter!---'tis gone---Lady Frankly muſt have taken it---how unlucky!---and yet by Heavens! if ſhe has been ſo unworthy as to read it, I ſhall not pity the uneaſineſs it may occaſion in her breaſt; nor ſhall I take the ſmalleſt pains to remove ſuch ill-grounded jealouſy. I'll ſtill attend Lady Courtney at the hour ſhe has appointed; but I confeſs I ſhall not go ſo ſtrongly armed againſt her powerful charms, as I ſhould have done before this circumſtance happened. [*Exit.*

SCENE, Lady COURTNEY's Houſe.

Lady Courtney *and* Lady Fallal.

La. Court. And pray, my dear Lady Fallal, do you really think marriage ſo delightful, that you are continually preſſing me into the ſervice.

La.

La. Fal. Not very delightful to be ſure, Lady Courtney, but I think it is a good pleaſant thing enough---it gives one ſomething to do in the world, and I like to be buſy you know; beſides, it keeps one in a conſtant ſtate of improvement, for huſband and wife are always ſpying out ſome little defect in each other, which they would never have diſcovered in themſelves; as for example: [*In a very indolent tone, taking off Sir Frederick.*] "My dear, I was juſt thinking that you muſt have "quite fatigued the company laſt night as well as your-"ſelf with your lively converſation; for really your "tongue moved with amazing velocity and perſeve-"rance." [*In a very quick tone.*] "Yes, my dear, "but I was ſo afraid they'd take your gravity for down-"right ſtupidity, you ſee, that I talked to keep my "friends awake, as I caught ſome of them abſolutely "nodding at your end of the table."

La. Court. You conſider marriage then as a good mirror, to ſhew us to ourſelves more plainly---now I have found it the verieſt magnifier, in which not the ſmalleſt ſpot, not even a freckle remained unnoticed. To tell you the truth, I became heartily tired of it, and if I know my own mind, I ſhall never venture on it a ſecond time.

La. Fal. Come, come, I have more penetration than you imagine---never attempt to perſuade me that you don't feel a little tender compaſſion for that poor dear Morley that is dying for love of you, though he does not know it himſelf; and if he did, he'd never own it, for fear of being laughed at, for ſuch a ridiculous weakneſs as he calls it.

La. Court. Your Ladyſhip's penetration is much greater than mine, for even my vanity never flattered me with the idea of having made an impreſſion on Mr. Morley's heart.

La. Fal. What then you own it would flatter you to ſubdue his philoſophy---Well---I believe after all, I was not much miſtaken when I thought you trembled and changed colour, when you parted with him at Paris; and as to him, I never ſaw any thing ſo comical as his face---he perfectly grinned to keep himſelf from crying.

La. Court. Did you really think ſo? Is it not then extraordinary that he ſhould never once have hinted his attachment to me?

La. Fal. Not at all, my dear---you know he has the ſame fooliſh baſhfulneſs about every thing. He'd ſooner paſs on the world for the ſtingieſt and moſt unfeeling wretch in it, than be thought to ſeek its approbation; and indeed ſo he might, if ſome grateful heart did not every day betray his generoſity. Beſides, after all, what ſignifies his making a formal declaration of his paſſion for you, when his eyes tell it every minute in ſpite of him. Why but three days before we left Paris, I tried to force a little converſation with him, while you were talking to Sir Harry Skipwell; but not an anſwer could I get from him, but "impertinent puppy, white fac'd, forward coxcomb," which was not very encouraging you'll allow---ſo I left him to finiſh the converſation by himſelf. But this I am ſure of, if you but like him half as well as he does you, you'll ſoon underſtand one another perfectly.

La. Court. At preſent we are not likely to meet for a long, long time; and ſince he is at ſo great a diſtance, I will own to you, that I don't abſolutely deteſt——

Enter Servant.

Serv. Mr. Morley, Madam.

La. Court. O heavens!---Shew him up. [*Ex.* Serv.] The creature has followed me! What ſhall I do?---I am all in a flutter---do, my dear Lady Falla, aſſiſt me in entertaining him---I abſolutely ſhan't know what to ſay to him---He's a long time coming up ſtairs.

La. Fal. You'll keep his attention awake, I dare ſay---But ſince the Gentleman's ſo backward, it won't be amiſs, I think, to entertain him with hinting a few of his rivals.

La. Court. Well, I'll try the jeſt, if you'll invent the perſons.

Enter Morley.

La. Cour. Mr. Morley, I am rejoiced to ſee you---but to what unexpected accident are we indebted for this pleaſure---when I ſaw you laſt, at Paris, you propoſed ſpending the winter there.

Mor.

Mor. Yes, Madam; but I found Paris ſo horridly dull and ſtupid——I mean to ſay, that the weather began to grow ſo gloomy and uncomfortable; and——in ſhort I never liked Paris in my life—and I had buſineſs in England. How like a fool I ſhould look, if ſhe had ſuſpected I had followed her. [*Aſide.*]—Yes, Madam, I had buſineſs of importance, I aſſure you.

La. Court. I don't inſiſt upon knowing the cauſe—but you are a little abſent, I believe; you don't perceive Lady Fallal.

Mor. I beg her Ladyſhip ten thouſand pardons.

La. Fal. I can readily excuſe a man of Mr. Morley's philoſophic turn, from trifling ceremonies; though to be ſure I have always the misfortune of ſeeing him abſent whenever he is in my preſence.

Mor. I do confeſs my inattention deſerves a ſevere reproof, Madam.

La. Fal. Well then, I'll tell you how you ſhall make your peace, Mr. Morley, by joining with me in endeavouring to perſuade Lady Courtney to have ſome pity on the croud of fine young men that are dying for her, and give them all a diſcharge in full by chooſing one of them for life.

Mor. Your Ladyſhip is very kind, very compaſſionate indeed; but I believe your arguments would be full as powerful as mine on the occaſion. Lady Courtney too, muſt have added a very encouraging reception to her other attractions, to have collected a crowd of fine young men ſo ſoon after her arrival.

La. Fal. O, not at all, its only a few of her former admirers, that came buzzing about her like ſo many bees.

Mor. Bees! waſps you mean.

La. Court. O no, they are too harmleſs for that; they ſhall be humble bees if you pleaſe.

Mor. I am glad to find they are ſo conſtant, Madam, but I ſhould have thought—What buſineſs have I to think about them. [*Aſide.*]

La. Court. You ſhould have thought—Mr. Morley!

Mor. No, Madam, I mean I ſhould not have thought—but we will change the ſubject if you pleaſe.

La. Court.

La. Court. O with all my heart—it's rather unintereſting: then by way of ſomething lively tell me, have you ſeen that laſt new treatiſe on—on the Eidourmion—now don't I ſpeak Greek delightfully?

Mor. And can you really be amuſed with ſuch ſenſeleſs fops and blockheads?

La. Court. O dear, yes; they are vaſtly amuſing, I aſſure you; they put you continually in good humour with yourſelf; like a room hung round with flattering glaſſes, they reflect back every look and motion in the moſt pleaſing light.

Mor. And that's the only way they ever do reflect, I'll anſwer for them.

La. Fal. But pray, Mr. Morley, what makes you ſo outrageous againſt the poor innocent creatures, for I don't believe you are acquainted with any of them.

Mor. No, thank Heaven, Madam, I have not that honor.

La. Fal. Why then indeed you have a great loſs, for you would find them very amuſing; there's Sir Charles Cullender is ſo entertaining; he never ceaſes talking, and has always ſomething new and lively to communicate.

La. Court. Yes, but then he is in ſuch haſte while he is relating it, to go and tell it to ſome one elſe, that the wit of his ſtory is generally ſwept away in the impetuous torrent of words he pours along with it.

Mor. No great partiality there I think. [*Aſide.*]

La. Fal. However, I am ſure we can't make the ſame complaint of his friend and rival Sir Samuel Saveall, who always ſeems to think an hour before he opens his mouth, and then ſpeaks as if he never thought at all. He is a very conſtant admirer, for he toaſts you in bumpers every day——

La. Court. That he happens to dine abroad.

Mor. Poor Sir Samuel! it's lucky I have not declared myſelf yet, or I ſhould be ſet down in this liſt of awkward ſquad, I ſuppoſe. [*Aſide.*] Ladies, you'll excuſe my quitting you ſo ſoon, but you are ſo well amuſed with the preſent ſubject, that I am ſure you will readily diſpenſe with my company.

La. Fal. Nay, Mr. Morley, I am going too; but before you leave us, I muſt introduce one more to your acquaintance,

quaintance, that I think you will find more agreeable than all the reſt.

Mor. That, indeed, may be poſſible.

La. Fal. I mean that poor, dear, baſhful young man that is ſo in love with her Ladyſhip, and is yet afraid to own it.

Mor. Ay; what is his name?

La. Court. I really don't know who you mean.

La. Fal. [*aſide* to Lady Court.] No, to be ſure you don't.

Mor. But why ſhould you ſuppoſe he was in love, Madam? A man may be baſhful without being in love.

La. Fal. Oh to be ſure he may, it's only my conjecture---but he is the oddeſt character---he happens unluckily to be a little choleric, ſo that his modeſty very often puts him into a paſſion, for you can't offend him more than by mentioning any generous action of his before his face; but then he fancies himſelf all the time a philoſopher, and as cool as Mr. Morley.

Mor. [*with impatience.*] And ſo he may, Madam---and ſo he may------

La. Court. Lord, how can that be?---Can he be paſſionate---and yet like you?-----

La. Fal. And in love---and yet like you?-----

Morl. Eh---like me---no---no---I didn't mean he could be like me------I only ſay that he might be a little choleric, and yet a philoſopher.------Why Socrates, you know, was the moſt paſſionate creature breathing, till he conquered himſelf------and he was in love too, I ſuppoſe, till he conquered that by marrying.

La. Fal. Why then, indeed, I believe all the fine gentlemen of this day are Socrates's; though no one's the wiſer for it-----for they all ſeem to take his old faſhioned method of curing themſelves of their paſſions. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE I.*

Major Seafort *diſcovered with his Spectacles on, ſitting at a Table covered with Maps, and his Servant* Davy *ſtanding before him, with a long Map hanging from under his Chin.*

Major. IF this ſketch of the fortifications be but juſt, it can never hold out above ten days againſt the troops we have ſent to attack it------Let me ſee------Turn about to me, Davy------what's the reaſon, you dog, you can't ſtand ſteady under arms?

Davy. I'ſe ſure, my arms are woundy tired with holding out this dirty ſheet of paper ſo long---I wiſh your honor would take Batavia at once, that a body might have a little time to make merry:---I faikins I'll ſpeak my mind out--- I'ſe not ſuch a ninny as I was in Zommerſetſhire. [*Aſide.*]

Major. Why, who hinders you to be merry? What would the fooliſh fellow have?

Davy. Only, your honor, I'd like to lead the life of a chriſtian, if you had no objection--- For I'ſe be bold to ſay, there is not another gentleman, nor a gentleman's ſervant, in London town, that ſpends all the morning long in ſcalps and counter-ſcalps, as we do; juſt for all the world as if your honor was a wild Indian---and all the reſt of the day in mounting breeches, and making block heads, and ſuch like.

Major. So much the worſe, Davy---if the gentlemen were to employ their heads more in learning to defend towns, than wondering how we loſe them; the nation would thrive the better for it. [*Continues looking at the maps, not minding Davy.*]

Davy. Law's a me! does your honor think ſo?--- Well, I vows, if I was but zure and zartin that the nation would be the better for it; I'd work day and night

* This Scene is omitted in the repreſentation.

night to fill up the trenches; but, to ſpeak the truth, your honor, I never had an item that you were doing any good with your chivede freeze, and your foſſys and baſtions. I thought as how, that you only meant to amuſe yourſelf, but that your honor had miſtaken the road, that was all.

Major. What's that you ſay about miſtaking the road—I believe I have been a little too precipitate in my attack, not having carried my approaches near enough to cover the ſtorming party—ſo do you, Davy, go and amuſe yourſelf for an hour or two, with filling up the breach again, and in clearing out the foſſé; in the mean time I'll conſider what our next motion ſhall be.

Davy. I'll do my beſt, if your honor will give me a ſpiade, for the old one was worn to a ſtump, the laſt time your honor took Dunkirk.

Major. [*With impatience.*] Yes, yes, you ſhall have a new ſpade and a ſhovel too, if that will content you. [*Exit Davy with a bow.*] So 'tis not above a week ſince I broke ground, and to-morrow I ſhall compleat my two parallels——[*Looks at his watch.*] The concerting that laſt attack has taken up an hour more than I imagined, and if I don't make a forced march, I ſhall be too late for my engagement with Commodore Broadſide. [*Exit in haſte.*

SCENE, Lady FALLAL's Houſe.

Enter Lady Fallal, *followed by* Captain Seafort.

Seaf. I beg ten thouſand pardons, Madam, for the liberty I have taken in detaining you a few moments from your company: I am to you a ſtranger---but I am not unacquainted with your good nature---if you knew my diſtraction you would pity me---Miſs Temple, Madam,---where is my Harriet?

La. Fal. Your're a perfect ſtranger to me, to be ſure---but I ſuppoſe your name is Captain Seafort, by the colour of your coat, and the impatience of your addreſs--- for I am told, you ſailors make very little ceremony---and you're quite in the right of it---for ſincerity beats it all to nothing--- eſpecially with the ladies.

Seaf.

Seaf. For Heaven's ſake, madam, do not trifle with my miſery, but tell me what is become of your couſin, Miſs Temple?

La. Fal. Why then indeed that is a very comical queſtion, did not I leave my couſin in your company, about half an hour ago? and now you come ſlily aſking me where ſhe is—I believe it's joking you are——I never thought you gentlemen of the "True Blue" had ſuch ſoft hands, as to let a lady ſlip through your fingers ſo eaſily—She hinted ſomething to me about never ſeeing you any more—but I never thought, to be ſure, that you would let her keep her word.

Seaf. O, madam! nothing but force could have detained Miſs Temple a moment longer. With a cruelty which I did not think her capable of, ſhe fled from me without informing me of the place of her retreat—but on my knees, madam, I implore you [*kneels*] to relieve my miſery, by acquainting me whether ſhe is fled.

Enter Sir Frederick, [*behind.*]

Seaf. My life, my happineſs, is in your power.

Sir Fred. [*Aſide.*] Very modeſt, indeed.

Seaf. And never will I riſe from this ſpot till you grant my requeſt.

Sir Fred. And very determined.

La. Fal. Well, Sir, as I eſteem you to be a man of honor, I think I may depend upon your not abuſing the confidence I am going to place in you. [*Sir Frederick comes forward, Seafort riſes.*]

Sir Fred. All I beg to adviſe, my dear, is, that you would not burthen this gentleman with too much of your confidence.

Seaf. O, Sir! how cruel was it to interrupt her juſt at that moment.

Sir Fred. Why, to be ſure, it was a very aukward moment for a huſband to thruſt in his ſtupid head.

Seaf. Good heavens, Sir! I am all confuſion; I did not know who you were, and nothing but the diſtraction of a lover can plead my excuſe.

Sir Fred. That may be a ſoothing excuſe to the lady, Sir, but as to me——

La.

La. Fal. O, never mind talking about it, Sir Frederick, for it don't concern you in the leaſt; I aſſure you I was only making the captain agree to a few articles of capitulation, before I granted him the favour he was aſking — and I do inſiſt upon it, captain, that you will be gentle and diſcreet, and not too impetuous.

Seaf. I am on the rack all this time. [*With impatience*] I will promiſe any thing, Madam, if you will but inform me where Miſs Temple lives, that I may fly to her this moment.

Sir Fred. Miſs Temple — And has all this fine confuſion of warmth and gentleneſs, of impetuoſity and diſcretion, been about Miſs Temple and her tempeſtuous lover? — If that's all, I'll leave you to ſettle it; but you'll remember, my dear, that Lady Courtney is waiting for you. [*Exit.*

La. Fal. Faith, and I had quite forgot her ladyſhip — this young man has put me into ſuch a buſtle.

[*Going, Seafort ſtops her.*

Seaf. I ſhall die with impatience, Madam — for heaven's ſake inform me before you go.

La. Fal. Troth, I had liked to have forgot you too, in my hurry; if I had but a pen and ink now, I could write the direction for you as I go along.

Seaf. It is quite unneceſſary, Madam, I ſhall not eaſily forget—— *Exeunt in converſation.*

SCENE, Commodore BROADSIDE's Houſe.

Scene opens and diſcovers Commodore Broadſide, *Sir* Timothy Valerian, *and Major* Seafort, *ſeated round a Table, with Bottles, Glaſſes, &c. (ſinging a Song.)*

SONG.

COMMODORE.

With every chearful and each ſparkling glaſs,
Let hope flow ſerene, as the ſwift moments paſs;
And bring ſafe into port, though immenſe diſtance parts,
The favorite treaſure of our honeſt hearts.

MAJOR.

MAJOR.

When Youth led the van, and gay Pleaſure the rear,
They chas'd each dull thought, and they rallied each fear;
But old Time, with his ſtaff, gives our ſpirits the rout,
And from what we love moſt makes us all face about.

SIR TIMOTHY.

You talk like a Bankrupt, who ſurrenders with grief
His remnant of joy to that ſilver-hair'd thief;
But I'm for œconomy, and age will ne'er greet,
Till he bends me quite double, ſo makes both ends meet.

CHORUS.

With every chearful, &c.

Com. Bravo, my old boys, bravo; we ſing very well, to be ſure; but we muſt now bring up our lee-way with the bottle.

Sir Tim. Have a little mercy on my poor dear conſtitution, Commodore; I have already ſwallowed a dozen *irreſiſtible toaſts*, as you call them.

Major. Never fear, Sir Timothy; at your time of life a fillip to nature may do a great deal of good; it rallies the ſpirits, and puts to rout all imaginary diſorders.

Sir Tim. At my time of life—ſurely, Major, you begin to ſee double already—at my time of life! why I am ſtill in my prime, and ſeldom do you ſee a young man of my age ſo robuſt, ſo full of health and vigour.

Major. 'Tis very true, indeed, Sir Timothy; I have ſeldom ſeen a young man of your age—and yet, with all your health and vigour, I think you look more like an old campaigner than a freſh recruit; I ſhould like to ſee you toſs a muſquet; don't you think, Commodore, he'd cut a very martial appearance under arms.

Com. Never let's quarrel for youth, my old friends. I hate diſputing about things that are paſt—ſo fill up your glaſſes once more—here's good ſport to us.

Major. With all my heart, Commodore; but I never knew you loved hunting before.

Com. Ay, that I do from my heart—I mean at ſea—There's your real ſport—A Spaniard is your badger—a Frenchman

a Frenchman your hare—and as for Mynheer, he's your only true fox; not quite ſo fleet as the hare, to be ſure—but then he makes up for it in twiſting and turning. It would do your heart good, Major, to ſee your ſon Will in full chaſe after them, Tally ho! Tally ho! is the word—and daſh he goes at it.

Sir Tim. Egad, I wiſh I had a conſtitution for the ſea—I ſhould like to maul a Dutchman, myſelf—I may be wrong, but I do admire courage above every thing in a ſoldier, but we are always partial to our own faults in other men, and too much ardor has always been my great failing.

Major. But you are talking of Will, Commodore; he is quite a harum ſkarum fellow—not the leaſt caution; no more circumſpection than a bomb ſhell—I wonder how he has eſcaped ſo long falling into an ambuſcade.

Com. An ambuſcade—no, no, Major, we have no ambuſcades at ſea, every thing is above-board there; and, as to caution, it may be a very good quality in a general, but a very bad one in a ſailor, believe me.

Major. Will is a brave lad, to be ſure; but I believe it is only in his courage—he takes after me.

Sir Tim. He has had a lucky eſcape then, [*Aſide.*] I'm ſure.

Com. O yes, Major, I'll tell you where he falls into your wake again, and I dare ſay you'll acknowledge the likeneſs. He is ſometimes over head and ears in love.

Major. No, there I beg leave to differ from you, Commodore—I have ſkirmiſhed a little in that way, to be ſure, but I ſeldom hazarded a battle, without taking care to ſecure a retreat.

Sir Tim. Then Will ought to be my ſon, for I own my failing, love and the fair ſex have been my downfall—You remember Miſs Dolly Dipp at Portſmouth, Commodore. Ah, poor Dolly.

Com. Remember her! aye, and ſo does her father remember you, to this hour.—Wounds, how you uſed to trim the old fellow's bread and butter, while he thought you were making love to his tallow-faced daughter.

Sir Tim. I was a little unmerciful, to be ſure; but I paid off that ſcore with a ſong patched up in praiſe of

of Miſs Dolly, where I brought her in, in the midſt of Dryads and Hamadryads; ſuch company as ſhe had never ſeen in her life before.

Major. And pray, Sir Timothy, what may the difference be between your Dryads and Hamadryads.

Sir Tim. O Major, you cannot be ignorant of that; why nothing can be plainer, the thing ſpeaks itſelf. You have heard of your Biſhops and Archbiſhops.

Major. O, I take you, I take you; ſomething like our Colonels and Lieutenant Colonels, I ſuppoſe.

Sir Tim. The ſame---the ſame.

Com. But, Major, you have got upon another tack; we were talking of your ſon Will---he is a noble lad. Wounds if the young dog were mine, I ſhould glory in him.---And if I had a daughter, ſhe ſhould marry him in preference to an emperor.

Major. I wiſh you had a daughter, with a good fortune, Commodore.---I ſhould have no objection to the match, but nothing is to be done without money; it is the very ſinews of war.

Com. I am ſorry to find, Major, that you think fortune ſo abſolutely neceſſary in a wife.

Major. To be ſure I do---Marriage is like any other political connexion, where the wife, as a principal ally, ſhould be able to aſſiſt and ſupport her huſband in carrying on the campaign of life.

[*Sir Tim. comes forward, while the Major and Com. are engaged in converſation.*]

Sir Tim. The two old gentlemen are getting into an argument, ſo I'll ſlip off for fear of being engaged in it. ---There's nothing ſhakes my nerves like an argument; beſides, I am too lively for it at preſent, and it is a pity ſuch ſprightly effuſions ſhould be thrown away upon two old crab trees. [*Exit* Sir Tim.

[*The Major and Commodore come forward.*

Major. What! my ſon Will want to marry a girl without fortune? I can't believe it, Commodore; the young dog would deſerve to be picketted, if he were to contract with a Princeſs without a ſubſidy.

Com. Is wealth then really ſo great a bleſſing in your eyes?

Major. To tell you the truth, Commodore, poverty was ſo cloſe and ſo troubleſome a companion of mine in my

my younger days, that when once I got rid of her, I determined to keep her at the diſtance of a gun-ſhot ever after; and am therefore careful to diſcourage any alliance with her in my family---ſo if Will were to wed the jade, they ſhould never take up their quarters with me, I aſſure you; but I know Will better than you do. He has been long attached to a Lady of rank and fortune in America, and though the dog has never told me a word about it, I have watched his motions all along. Let Will alone, he knows when and where to beat up the enemy's quarters. A chip of the old block, eh, Commodore?

Com. Aye, aye, Major, but you have got quite out of your ſoundings at preſent, I can tell you; for that young lady you mention, is the very girl I mean. Will informs me that her father is dead, and that ſhe has not a ſixpence in the world.

Major. General Temple dead!---and without leaving any fortune!

Com. [*Repeats with ſurprize.*] General Temple!---

Major. That alters the ground---(I muſt quicken my march to prevent the young dog from ſurrendering a priſoner for life)---So your ſervant, Commodore, your ſervant, your ſervant. [*Exit.*

[*The Commodore ſeems loſt in thought.*

Com. The daughter of General Temple!---Good heavens! what a diſcovery---it ſurely is my niece---my dear Fanny's daughter. What could be Seafort's reaſon for concealing her name? I thought all was above-board between him and me---I don't like this oblique navigation; I muſt freſhen ſail to come up with him in time, in order to keep this briſk lad from getting the windward gage of my niece. [*Exit.*

SCENE changes to Mrs. Buſtle's Houſe; her Name on the Door, with *Lodgings to let* written over it.

Enter Sir Timothy Valerian, *a little tipſey.*

Sir Tim. Egad, I don't know what's the matter with me, but I find myſelf in a very frolickſome humour---I'm too much Allegro, by half, for the Catch Club---I ſhould put them all out.

Enter

Enter Harriet Temple, *who croſſes the Stage and enters Mrs. Buſtle's Houſe.*

There is ſomething ſmirking gone in there—ſhe ſeems the very picture of health, " Studded with roſes, and ſtreaked with celeſtial blue"—as my friend the Doctor ſays—The ſight of her has electrified me already. [*Goes towards the door*] " *Lodgings to let.*" Egad, I've a mind to take an apartment here myſelf—there can be no harm in taking a view of the furniture at leaſt—that was a pretty ſort of a moveable that juſt now entered —I really muſt take a peep at the furniture.

[*Exit into the houſe.*

Mrs. Buſtle [*behind the Scenes*] You can't go in there, I aſſure you, Sir—

Sir Tim. [*Behind*] Nay, but my dear little Cerberus, I muſt go in there—I want to ſpeak to the young Lady.

Mrs. Buſtle. [*Behind*] I'll indite you for a riot—but now I have got you ſafe, you ſhan't get out in a hurry—I'll call the neighbours. [*Comes out of the houſe, and meets Charles Steady.*] O, Mr. Steady, I am glad 'tis you, I never was ſo frightful in all my life; I can hardly ſpeak.

Steady. Then I fear you are very bad, indeed, Mrs. Buſtle; but pray what's the matter? You havn't ſeen the apparition of a drum, I hope.

Mrs. Buſt. O, no, Mr. Steady, but a great deal worſe—I was ſitting in my little cloſet on the firſt floor, as innocent as a lamb, thinking of nothing at all, when, in comes a tearing great giant of a man, all over gold lace, flouriſhing his cane over my head, cracks my little punch-bowl that lay on the table before me, and vows he would demoliſh me and every thing in the houſe, if I did not let him into Miſs Harriet's apartment.

Steady. [*Going*] Where is the villain?

Mrs. Buſt. O don't be in a hurry, Mr. Steady, there's no danger, I have got him ſafe locked up in the cloſet, there—[*ſhewing a key, and pointing to a window on the ſtage*] I turned the key on him as I came out, and left him roaring.

Steady.

Steady. Give me the key, Mrs. Buſtle, I'll go and ſecure the gallant, and convey him to a more proper place of confinement.

Mrs. Buſt. That's right, Mr. Steady, an old croaking wretch; if he was a young man, indeed, I would not mind it, that's my maxum, but I ſhould like to have a little fun with him firſt. Suppoſe we cry fire, and frighten him out of his ſenſes. He ſeems a little confuſed with liquor, and one might make him believe any thing.

Steady. No, no, ridiculous, you'll alarm the neighbourhood.

Mrs. Buſt. Ifaith I will tho'! 'twill be the fitteſt revenge.

Steady. Well then, if I muſt bear a part, do you run and explain the matter to Miſs Harriet, and I'll manage the old beau for you.

Mrs. Buſt. Enough ſaid——— [*Exit.*

[*Mrs. Buſtle cries fire within—then Steady calls fire, fire.*]

Sir Tim. [*Throws open the window.*] Fire! O the Devil!—The houſe is on fire! and what is to become of me? I own my failing, I ſhould not like to be burnt alive.

Steady. Sir, Sir, the houſe is on fire!

Sir Tim. O my good Sir—my noble Captain—as you hope to be a General, ſome day or other, give me your aſſiſtance to get out of this tremendous high window—The ſtairs have given way already, Sir———Crack, crack, they go every minute.

Steady. You are in a very dangerous ſituation, indeed, Sir, the blaze backwards is very furious.

Sir Tim. What upon earth ſhall I do?

Steady. Come down as quick as you can, on this ladder. [*Preſents the point of his ſword.*

Sir Tim. A ladder———where?

Steady. Here—a ſteel one of the new patent ſort; don't you ſee it, Sir?

Sir Tim. Egad, I believe he is no friend, after all—Sir, firſt let me know who you are.

Steady. Only an Officer of Juſtice, come to take you up for raiſing a riot in a peaceable woman's houſe.

Sir

Sir Tim. Well, I am ready to ſurrender myſelf, if you will but come round and open the door.

Steady. With all my heart—if that's all, I'll ſhew you the way to the *Juſtice* preſently. [*Exit into the houſe.*

Sir Tim. O, who doubts you, Mr. Hawk, but in the mean time I'll try if I can't get out of your talons—Lord how I tremble and quake—I own my failing.

Enter Captain Seafort.

Seaf. This muſt be the place that Lady Fallal deſcribed—" Mrs. Buſtle"—Yes, this is the very houſe. How my heart trembles as I approach—But who have we here?—a gentleman getting out of the window of the houſe where my Harriet lives.

Sir Tim. So now for it, one, two, three, and away.

[*Sir Timothy gets down, Seafort meets him.*

Seaf. Speak, Sir, who are you? this inſtant account for your ſtrange manner of eſcaping from that houſe.

Sir Tim. What! is there another Officer of Juſtice at my heels? What the Devil buſineſs had I to do with a frolic?

Seaf. No heſitation, Sir, or this ſword ſhall—[*Puts his hand to his ſword.*]

Sir Tim. O for Heaven's ſake be peaceable, Sir, and I'll tell you all about it;—I am a gentleman, Sir, a moſt unfortunate gentleman, to be ſure, Sir—[*Aſide.*] Egad, this is young Seafort, and a moſt tremendous fellow he is, they ſay.

Seaf. [*Aſide.*] I think I have ſeen this old Jay before. Pray are not you Sir Timothy Valerian.

Sir Tim. I own my failing; I am Sir Timothy.

Seaf. What have you been doing here?

Sir Tim. As I was telling you, Sir, the thing ſpeaks itſelf, I went in there, by chance, Sir; and I—I got out accidentally, as it were, Sir.

Enter Charles Steady.

But that gentleman can tell you how it was, Sir; and I'm ſure I won't ſtay to interrupt him.

[Sir Tim. *ſtruts off.*

Seaf. Charles Steady here; this is ſtill more ſurprizing; I thought, Sir, you were unacquainted with Miſs Temple's reſidence.

Steady.

Steady. I could not, when I ſaw you laſt, acquaint you with it, nor can I now.

Seaſ. This is too much; what means this ſubterfuge? Is it by her deſire that I am denied the happineſs of ſeeing her, and that you are ſecretly admitted? Explain this myſtery, or I will force you to it.

Steady. Nothing ſhould force me to reveal what I have promiſed to keep ſecret; and had I inclined to tell you, you ought to know that a ſoldier's honour, when once paſſed, but gains new ſtrength by every threatening inſult that attempts to ſhake it.

Seaſ. 'Tis well, Sir; you have Miſs Temple's confidence, and ſince it is denied to me, I care not who poſſeſſes it; but tell her, that though I have diſcovered the place of her retreat, I will never again attempt to intrude upon it, ſince it is from me ſhe flies; and that the viſits of another are received, for what reaſon I know not. [*Going.*

Steady. Stay, Sir; though my ſpirit riſes with indignation at your reproachful language, I will yet condeſcend to aſſure you, that Miſs Temple has never honoured me with her confidence; nor am I at all acquainted with her motive of concealing herſelf from you.

Seaſ. I care not if you were---Beſides, I ſcorn to receive the teſtimony, even of her innocence, from ſuch a voucher.

Steady. From ſuch a voucher---Surely he dares not venture to inſult me---By heavens I will not bear this; I will purſue him till he gives me ſatisfaction---My ſpirit is as brave as his can be, and that alone tells me I am his equal.

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

LADY COURTNEY'S HOUSE.

Lady Courtney *and* Mr. Morley, *ſeated.*

La. Court. UPON my word, Mr. Morley, as a friend I muſt excuſe you; though I think you take a liberty beyond what that title gives you, in preſſing me ſo much on a ſubject which does not ſeem at all to concern you.

Mor. Concern me, Madam? not in the leaſt I aſſure you, ha! ha! ha! It would be very ridiculous, to be ſure, if I were to pretend to be at all concerned whether you ever loved Lord Frankly or not, or even whether you feel any tenderneſs for him now—I wou'dn't have you imagine that I had the leaſt intereſt in the matter, Ma'am—No, no; I believe no one will ſuſpect me of that, ha! ha! [*Walks about agitated, and returns*] And ſo you don't care a farthing for him; and I dare ſay, if you were never to ſee him more—it—it—wou'dn't give you a moment's pain; would it now, Lady Courtney?

La. Court. [*Aſide.*] I think I'll try his love through his jealouſy.

Mor. You ſeem doubtful, Ma'am; then I ſuppoſe it is all true what the world ſays—You—

La. Court. And pray what does this tireſome world ſay? though I am pretty careleſs about thoſe matters.

Mor. It is not ſilent, I aſſure you, Madam; I have heard the various reports—but you are careleſs about ſuch things; and I am a fool, an ideot, to trouble myſelf about matters that do not concern me.

La. Court. If the world conceals its meaning as cleverly as you do yours, I need not be very anxious about what it ſays. But you may as well tell me, it will ſerve to amuſe us.

Mor.

Mor. O, yes; it will be very amuſing indeed! [*Aſide.*] I'll be hang'd now if I know what to think, ſhe looks ſo innocent, ſo confounded innocent!—Yes, as I was ſaying, it muſt be vaſtly amuſing. But don't you think it would be rather more entertaining to us both, if we could be quite ſure whether there were any grounds for ſuch a report before we laugh at it, eh!—You know I look upon the world with a philoſophic eye, and therefore ſeek for truth in every thing.—It would be extremely ridiculous to mention what we can't be ſure of; ſo I beg you will juſt give me your opinion of my friend, before I proceed.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Lord Frankly, Madam.

La. Court. Shew him up directly. [*Exit* Servant.

Mor. How provoking—I wou'dn't meet him here for the world; I ſhall be aſhamed to ſhew my face, he will certainly laugh me out of countenance. [*Aſide.*] Have you any particular buſineſs with his Lordſhip?

La. Court. Yes, very particular.

Mor. O! you have, Ma'am; I beg pardon—then you will admit him?

La. Court. Certainly!

Mor. O, to be ſure—What a blockhead I was for aſking the queſtion. [*Aſide.*] I ſuppoſe then you would wiſh to ſee him alone, and I ſhould be ſorry to embarraſs your converſation; with your permiſſion, therefore, I will ſtep into this room till your conference is over—It will not be very long, to be ſure—as I have ſomething very particular to communicate to you, when Lord Frankly is gone.

La. Court. I entreat, Mr. Morley, that you will not leave the room; I have no ſecret buſineſs with Lord Frankly, let the world ſay what it will.

Mor. I am glad to hear that, however. [*Aſide.*] I muſt retire, indeed, Madam; I would not with to obtrude on any account—So, I'll juſt ſtep in here, for the few minutes he ſtays.

La. Court. I inſiſt upon it, Mr. Morley, that you do not leave me.

Mor. Nay, but Madam, I muſt go; I have very particular reaſons for not wiſhing to meet Lord Frankly here—So I beg you will not diſtreſs him, by mentioning my politeneſs in leaving him the pleaſure of ſeeing you alone. [*Shuts the door on himſelf.*

La. Court. I know not what to do—nor can I conceive Mr. Morley's reaſon for avoiding Lord Frankly.

Enter Lord Frankly.

L. Fr. I fear, Madam, I have exceeded the hour of my appointment, ſome minutes; but I was unavoidably detained.

La. Court. It is of no conſequence, my Lord; cool friendſhip can diſpenſe with thoſe attentions which a warmer ſentiment is ever anxious to aſſert its claim to.

L. Fr. Surely you mean to puniſh my delay by that mortifying expreſſion.—I hoped to meet a kinder reception from Lady Courtney.

La. Court. You do me the higheſt injuſtice, my Lord, if you ſuppoſe I deſired this interview from any other motive but that of wiſhing to replace myſelf in your eſteem.

L. Fr. Why ſhould you imagine you had ever loſt it? But let us not waſte the precious moments in dwelling on a ſubject ſo cold and unintereſting.

La. Court. It is not to me unintereſting, my Lord; your manners towards me, ſince my return to England, convince me that I have, by ſome means I am ignorant of, forfeited the place I once held in your eſteem.

L. Fr. [*Aſide.*] Eſteem, again; I wiſh ſhe would'nt inſiſt upon our eſteeming one another.

La. Court. That was the higheſt degree I ever wiſh'd to gain in your heart, my lord, but it was one I always hoped to retain from the delicacy of my conduct towards you.

L. Fr. This is too much to bear; why will you undeceive me——alas, I vainly flatter'd myſelf that I once held an higher place in your affection, than ſober friendſhip can beſtow. I thought—but it was not ſo—that the purity and delicacy of your conduct towards me, was rather an effort of virtue on our part, than the reſult of cold indifference—Judge then, what I muſt have felt

at

at the contraſt, when I heard that you had changed your conduct with the climate, and that you were no ſooner arrived at Paris, than you admitted with complacency whole crowds of admiring fops, who lived upon your ſmiles. Pardon me, Madam, I mention this rather to juſtify my own conduct, than to reproach your's.

La. Court. Spare me the uneaſineſs, my Lord, of hearing what, I hope, I have not merited; if Mr. Morley was preſent, he would exculpate me from ſuch a charge —he ſaw me conſtantly, and even his auſterity could not accuſe me of the ſmalleſt levity—yet I will own to you, that from the time I quitted England, I vainly ſought in gaiety and diſſipation to drown the unhappineſs which filled my heart—my home was render'd wretched; was it then extraordinary that I ſhould ſeek for chearfulneſs, at leaſt, in public life?

L. Fr. Then I have wronged you, I have been deceived—cruelly deceived—O had I known this but a few months ſooner, we might have been—

La. Court. Stop, my lord—and never let ſuch an unworthy thought ſully the purity of your happineſs; you are poſſeſſed of a treaſure—take care you do not ceaſe to deſerve it; could I for a moment have felt an improper regret at your preſent union, when I ſaw your Fanny's eyes ſparkle with joy at the ſound of your voice, it muſt have vaniſhed like a noxious miſt before the riſing ſun.

L. Fr. She is indeed a treaſure—but not the only one that adorns this earth—I muſt at leaſt acknowledge your ineſtimable worth, and on my knees implore your pardon for the injuſtice I have done you. [*Throws himſelf on his knees, and kiſſes her hand*] Imprint my warmeſt thanks on this fair hand, for—[*While* Lord Frankly *is on his knees and ſtruggling with* Lady Courtney *to kiſs her hand,* Lady Frankly *enters; as does* Mr. Morley *from the cloſet, at the inſtant.*]

Mor. [*With impatience*] Nay but, my Lord—you are too warm—you diſtreſs the lady—I aſſure you, you'll diſtreſs her exceedingly.

La. Fr. O heavens! Lord Frankly.

L. Fr. Beſet on all ſides! what can this mean?

La. Court. [*to* Lady Frankly] My dear friend be not alarmed—Lord Frankly will explain every thing—I can't ſtand this.— [*Exit.*

La. Fr. Alas, it is too clear—it wants but little explanation. [*Sinks in a chair.*

L. Fr. [*Aſide.*] Yes, yes, the letter I dropt has inform'd Lady Frankly where to find me—Ungenerous woman—but pray, Sir, inſtruct me if you pleaſe, by what accident you came into ſo extraordinary a ſituation, for a philoſopher? I thought you deſpiſed the ſex, and that it would be quite abſurd to imagine you capable of a weakneſs for one of them.

Mar. And ſo it would, Sir,—and ſo it would—why you don't ſuppoſe that I have any attachment to Lady Courtney, or to any other woman—you can't think me ſo ridiculous, I'm ſure—and as to that cloſet—I—I—I went in there on purpoſe to oblige you—yes, my Lord—entirely to oblige you. [*Exit.*

La. Fr. I know not, my Lord, which of us is moſt embarraſſed—but before I go I wiſh to aſſure you, that I had no idea of meeting you here, and that I ſeized the hour of your abſence only with an intention of paying a friendly viſit to Lady Courtney.

L. Fr. Unworthy ſubterfuge! No, Madam—nor that letter, which is now in your poſſeſſion, informed you of nothing I ſuppoſe, it did not mention where I was engaged, at this very hour—O Fanny, I am aſhamed to ſee you deſcend to a meanneſs which I did not think you capable of, and which only, could have ſhaken the baſis of my love.

La. Fr. Ungenerous Charles!—That letter I have in my poſſeſſion, but its contents I am ſtill as ignorant of, as if the ſeal had never been broken.—Take it—perhaps it will prove a bond more laſting in affection to her who ſent it, than even thoſe ſacred vows you made to me, on which I fondly built my every hope of happineſs. [*Exit.*

L. Fr. Good heavens! then I have wronged her too—How ſuperior does ſhe ſeem to me at this moment—O vanity, what a foe art thou to our peace! I never loved Lady Courtney with half the tenderneſs I feel for my Fanny—and yet—upon the meer ſuggeſtions of my own

own fancy, I was ready to ſacrifice my happineſs for ever—What a wretch I am to cauſe thoſe tears to flow from my Fanny's eyes—I'll fly this moment and repair my folly by redoubled tenderneſs. [*Exit.*

SCENE, Major SEAFORT's Houſe.

Enter Major Seafort *and* Sir Timothy Valerian.

Major. Come, Sir Timothy—advance, you look as if you thought there was an enemy in your rear, ready to fall upon you.

Sir Tim. [*Aſide.*] Egad and ſo I am, if the truth was told.

Major. What are you afraid of, man? Advance, I ſay, I ſent for you in ſo preſſing manner, that you might join me in holding a council of war how to act with regard to my ſon.

Sir Tim. I am glad to find he has not heard of my adventure yet. [*Aſide.*] With all my heart, Major.—I own my failing, I am always ready to ſerve my friends.

Major. I know it, Sir Timothy, and as you are an older veteran, by ſome years, than me, I mean in the great field of life, your experience and judgment ſhould be greater.

Sir Tim. You are very good, my old friend—but that is one advantage I muſt really give up to you, for I am ſure you were old enough to hold the Family Bible for the Parſon when I was chriſtened——I wiſh he'd make haſte, that I might walk off before his young lion of a ſon comes home. [*Aſide.*]

Major. Well, we won't quarrel about a year or two, for at our time of life it is ſcarcely worth while.

Sir Tim. Plague on our time of life—I hate to hear it mention'd [*Aſide.*]—But now to buſineſs, my friend, for I am really in great haſte—I like a plot in my heart, and to ſpeak in your own way, I'm your man for a ſtorm.

Major. Well then, I think you were preſent when the Commodore laid open the trenches of my ſon's intended marriage.

Sir Tim. O, I wiſh I had—my nerves would not then have been half ſo much ſhaken. [*Aſide.*]—No, Major, you miſtake, I went off at the very beginning of that converſatio.

converſation: I was otherwiſe employed, indeed; I was juſt then helping a very particular friend of mine out of an ugly ſcrape.

Major. Aye, aye; you are a good fellow, always ready to enliſt in the cauſe of your friends—But what I now require of you, Sir Timothy, is to join your forces with me, in endeavouring to perſuade Will from his fooliſh intention of marrying a pretty face without a ſixpence.

Sir Tim. A pretty face, to be ſure, is temptation and ruin.

Major. But ſtay, I believe Will is coming—Yes, I hear his voice.

Sir Tim. Do you, indeed? [*with conſternation*]—Egad then I'll decamp. [*Aſide.*]

Major. Now, my good friend, I ſhall depend upon you, [*catching hold of his hands*]—I'll ſound the fort, and then do you enter as it were a volunteer in the cauſe, without letting it appear that I have been treating with you on the ſubject.

Sir Tim. Indeed, Major, you'd better attack him alone. I'll leave you together, do you ſee—if you'll ſhew me a back way out—I know you will ſucceed better alone.

Major. Shew you a back way out! Why, what do you mean?—Stand your ground, man; what are you afraid of?

Sir Tim. No; I'd rather ſecure my retreat, indeed, Major.

Major. Well, if you think it better to remain in ambuſh till the heat of the battle is over, why you may ſlip into that ſmall dreſſing-room, d'ye ſee—it's almoſt as good as a centry-box.

Sir Tim. O, yes; ambuſh, ambuſh! With all my heart——or any other buſh you pleaſe, that I can hide my head in, while that bluſtering young man is here. [*Aſide.*] [*Runs into the cloſet.*

Enter Captain Seafort.

Seaf. You ſeem agitated, Sir?——Has any thing diſturbed you?

Major. Yes, Sir; you have ſtorm'd my peace—undermined my happineſs, and cut off all my hopes of comfort.

Seaf. Sir, you both ſhock and ſurprize me; I know not any action of my life that ſhould hurt your peace or comfort.

Major.

Major. To be plain with you, Will, I am informed that you are bent upon engaging for life, with a girl without a ſhilling; and if that is the caſe, why you may look upon my fortune as a forlorn hope; for not a penny you ſhall have from me, even to procure you ammunition.

Seaf. As to fortune, Sir, I heartily deſpiſe it, but your authority I ſhall ever reſpect; however, in this inſtance, I have not the merit of ſacrificing to it; for the Lady you ſpeak of has refuſed even to ſee me, and I am now firmly reſolved, though it is the bittereſt pang my heart has ever felt, never again to think of marrying her.

Enter Commodore Broadſide.

Com. "Never again to think of marrying her."—Why, hey! Where does the wind ſit now? Theſe are your good Father's orders, I ſuppoſe, my young Mars; for you, I am ſure, are as ſteady as a rock, both in love and war.

Major. No, Commodore; for once you have miſſed fire—they are his own words and ſentiments, and none of my prompting, I aſſure you—And he is a clever lad for being of my opinion, even by chance.

Seaf. I'll explain my reaſons to you, Commodore, in private; but they are ſuch as I am ſure you muſt approve.

Com. Explain, Sir! I inſiſt upon an immediate explanation—You know not how nearly I am concerned in this matter.

Seaf. Then, my good friend, if you will juſt ſtep in here with me for a few moments, I will prove to you that my inconſtancy is not the cauſe, but her—[*Puſhes open the door and enters.*]

Major. Stop, ſtop; I'll leave the field clear for you here. [Seaſort *comes forward with* Sir Timothy *by the arm.*]

Seaf. What! are you here again? are you a ghoſt that haunts me?

Sir Tim. Not yet; but I believe you are my evil ſpirit that purſues me wherever I go——I'm in a pretty ſcrape now to be ſure. [*Aſide.*]

Com. What! is it my old friend Sir Timothy that was there under hatches?

Major. I adviſed him againſt cloſe quarters, Commodore.

Sir Tim. There's a friend for you, and he was the very man that put me into that black hole.

Com. [*To* Seafort] Come, Sir, I am impatient to hear theſe reaſons, let's be gone.

Seaf. I will attend you inſtantly, Commodore; but before we go, allow me a moment juſt to aſk this old gentleman what he could poſſibly have to do in the houſe where I caught him ſo lately making his eſcape out of a window.

Sir Tim. So! now my trial's coming on; I wiſh the young dog, as his father tenderly calls him, was at ſea, juſt at this moment. [*Aſide.*]

Seaf. As you did not ſtay to give me an explanation then, Sir, I muſt beg to have one before you leave this—

Major. A very good motion, 'efaith.

Com. Wounds, this is ſomething odd, indeed!

Seaf. [*Goes up to* Sir Timothy.] Do you hear me, Sir? I am a good deal intereſted on this ſubject, and therefore muſt again deſire you to inform me, what buſineſs you had in the houſe I ſpeak of?

Sir Tim. No buſineſs, Sir, I can aſſure you.

Seaf. And what brought you there, Sir?

Sir Tim. A frolick.

Major. A frolick!

Com. Who would ever have ſuſpected Sir Timothy Valerian of a frolick!

Sir Tim. Why not, pray? But I don't believe you even know what a frolick means—However, mine was a very innocent one, I aſſure you, Sir. [*To* Seafort.] I only ſtepped in to take a view of the apartments; or of the furniture, indeed, more properly ſpeaking; when the jade of the houſe, becauſe I was ſo unlucky as to break a punch bowl ſhe had juſt emptied, locked me up, and ſet the houſe on fire, I really believe, on purpoſe to deſtroy me.

Major. O! it was juſt then, I ſuppoſe, you was "helping a particular friend of yours out of an ugly "ſcrape."

Sir Tim. O, hang your memory! [*Aſide.*]

Seaf. The houſe on fire, did you ſay? I heard a cry of fire, indeed--Good heavens, was my Harriet frightened?

Sir Tim. Your Harriet!—I don't know who ſhe is; I think

I think the old woman I ſaw, could not be your Harriet or any one's elſe.

Seaf. But are you ſure the houſe was really on fire?

Sir Tim. Sure!—I did not ſee the flames indeed, becauſe I was blinded with the ſmoak; but I'll be ſworn I was toaſted on one ſide like a dry biſcuit.

Com. What is all this?—I'm all in the dark!—Your Harriet!—I thought, Sir, you had rejected her.

Seaf. O, my dear friend, the idea of her being in the ſlighteſt danger, revives all my tenderneſs—I muſt fly to her—At leaſt her ſpirits muſt have been alarmed—Though I am determined not to ſee her again, I would ſtill wiſh to protect her from every danger.

Com. Then I'll hoiſt ſail and bear you company, young man; for I am ſtill in a miſt about your conduct.

[*Exeunt* Seafort *and* Commodore.

Major. So! this damn'd ſtory of yours about the fire has ſpoil'd all again. But come, we will not give it up ſo, if we cannot govern the young fellow, we muſt endeavour to ſecure the girl.

Sir Tim. Well, I'll follow you, if you inſiſt upon it; but I own my failing—I ſhould never like to ſet my eyes on that young ſhark again while I breathe.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

MRS. BUSTLE'S HOUSE.

Enter Commodore Broadſide *(diſguiſed.)*

Com. I NEED not fear being known to my niece, as ſhe has never ſeen me ſince ſhe was an infant—but in this trim I ſhall eaſily diſguiſe my rank, as well as deny my fortune; and I wiſh her to remain ignorant of both, till I have diſcovered the genuine feelings of her heart.

Enter Mrs. Buſtle.

Pray, good woman, can I ſee the young lady that lodges in your houſe?

Mrs. Buſtle. Pray, good woman!—really good man, I think you make very free; I haven't heard ſuch a vulgar expreſſion theſe laſt twenty years—But pray, what have you to ſay to my young lady if you were to ſee her? which I don't think you can.

Com. That I ſhall only acquaint herſelf with---But to cut the matter ſhort, here's a little token of good will---[*Gives her money*]---for you, though I did blunder in calling you good woman---You will oblige me by introducing me to Miſs Temple immediately.

Mrs. Buſtle. [*Aſide.*] I did not think he had ſo much of a gentleman about him, at firſt ſight---Well, Sir; I'll go and ſee about it directly---It is always my maxim to oblige a gentleman, if I poſſibly can. [*Exit.*

Com. [*Alone.*] There may be as little ground for Seafort's ſuſpicion, as for the report of the fire—but I'm reſolv'd to fathom this myſtery, and to ſound her to the very bottom; if ſhe were twenty times my niece I would not conſent to their union, unleſs ſhe has a heart as noble and generous as his own.

Enter

Enter Harriet.

[*Aſide.*] The very image of my ſiſter! O may her mind bear as ſtrong reſemblance!

Har. Sir! Pray what are your commands with me?

Com. Madam, I came not to command; my wretchedneſs claims but little reſpect; and if I but call forth your pity, 'tis all I hope to find.

Har. Heavens! how my poverty ſeems to increaſe at the ſight of this poor man, ſince it denies my giving him relief. [*Aſide.*] Wou'd I had any thing but pity, Sir, to offer; for poverty is claim ſufficient on a heart that ſhuts not out the feelings of humanity.

Com. When pity flows from real tenderneſs, 'tis ſoothing to diſtreſs; but when 'tis all a ſtranger gives, it irritates the wound which it would ſeem to heal.

Har. There is ſomething in his voice that intereſts me extremely. [*Aſide.*]

Com. Leſt you ſhould think me too importunate, Madam, I muſt not conceal, that though unknown to you, I am your near relation.

Har. Heavens! what can I do to aſſiſt you! If this jewel had nothing but its own intrinſic worth, how readily would I part with it to relieve your diſtreſs—but [*turning away*] when my Seafort gave it, he ſtampt a higher value on it in my heart, and made that heart its caſket.

Com. Be not ſurpriſed, Madam!—There was a time when gay proſperity filled my ſwelling ſails, and ſmiled upon my fortunes—I ſhould then have done honor to any whoſe affinity I claimed—but now, alas! ſo dreary is my ſituation, that I almoſt fear to ſhock you by acknowledging that I am brother to your angel mother.

Har. The brother of my mother—my uncle Henry!

Com. I am, Madam, if poverty does not render me unworthy——

Har. O! do not think ſo meanly of me—Let me then preſs thoſe honored hands, and bathe them with the tribute of affection which my heart pays her honored memory——[*They embrace*] Your poverty but adds to my reſpect.

Com.

Com. This is too much——I ſhall be quite overſet. [*Aſide.*]

Har. Then take this jewel—the laſt, but deareſt remnant of my treaſure——My fortune periſhed with my father's life; but hope is yet a bleſſing, which Providence has left me—O let it chear you alſo—Theſe little hands, tho' they have nothing now to give, ſhall uſe their utmoſt efforts to aſſiſt you; and if my honeſt induſtry can ſerve to lighten your diſtreſs, my woes ſhall vaniſh at the brightening ſmile which I ſhall hope to meet upon your brow.

Com. Stop---ſtop---ſtop---my head turns round, and I'm all over in a ſtorm. [*Unbuttons himſelf impatiently to recover his breath.*] My generous Harriet! I thought my fortune ample till I ſaw you, but at this moment I ſhould feel the riches of the ocean too confined to offer at your feet; but all I have is yours, and if it is ſufficient to gratify your noble heart, I ſhall look back with joy on every toil I've ſuffered to obtain it.

Har. [*Aſide.*] Then I may make my Seafort happy! O how ſhall I repay your kindneſs?

Com. Only by accepting all I have to give; you ſhall immediately take poſſeſſion of my fortune, and I ſhall not think myſelf the leſs independant for becoming your penſioner.

Har. No, rather let me be yours—for to receive from ſuch a noble mind, enhances every gift, and calls forth ſuch gratitude as that we pay to Heaven, which chears the heart it warms——

Com. I am convinced Seafort's ſuſpicions were unjuſt; for ſuch a girl muſt be incapable of caprice or inconſtancy. [*Aſide.*] Do not be offended with me, Harriet, if I expreſs ſome ſurprize at your refuſing the hand of my gallant friend Seafort, in your preſent ſituation.

Har. Seafort! do you then know that virtuous youth? O my dear uncle! till I ſaw you, I had nothing but grateful tenderneſs to repay his diſintereſted love—Could I then think of burthening him with my wretchedneſs—Cruel Seafort! does he then

ſuſpect

ſuſpect my affection? Alas! could he ſee my heart!—but ſince you are his advocate, I ſhall have a double pleaſure in convincing him of my attachment.

Com. Enough, my gentle Harriet---the delicacy of your conduct proves your worth---and he is a happy fellow to poſſeſs ſuch a prize.

Har. But tell me, my dear uncle, by what means have you found me out, in this obſcure ſituation---I have known your character long, for, till my mother's lateſt hour, your virtues were her favourite ſubject---but as you have not ſeen me ſince I was an infant, I could ſcarcely flatter myſelf you yet remembered me.

Com. I will acquaint you hereafter, with all the little circumſtances that occaſioned my diſcovering you. But come, I deſire you will inform me, and that as quick as you can too, how and where your brother is at this time.

Har. My brother! I never was ſo happy as to have a brother.

Com. So, ſo---you need have no ſcruples about owning him to me---for I know all the hiſtory. Your father had a ſtrange kind of a prudiſh nonſenſe, which he called delicacy, about acknowledging him while your mother lived, tho' the boy was chriſtened, I believe, before he ever ſaw her face. But I thought, when my poor Fanny died, he would own young Charles for his ſon immediately---indeed---

Har. Charles---what Charles?— [*With ſurprize.*

Com. Why, the lad he brought up under the name of Charles Steady, to be ſure.

Har. Good heavens! is Charles Steady my brother? My heart ſo overflows with joy, I cannot ſpeak. O, Sir, did you but know half his kindneſs and attention to me, ever ſince my father's death, you would yourſelf partake the happineſs I feel in this diſcovery—but I am all impatience to ſee him, to acquaint him—

Com. Is he in England then?

Har. O yes! he hazarded every thing to attend me home, as I had then no other protector.

Com. Well, I am happy to find the young fellow has loſt nothing by that, for I have lately been ſo lucky

as

as to obtain the commiſſion which your father wrote to me to ſolicit in his favour.

Har. O give me the letter and commiſſion, that I may have the pleaſure of preſenting it to him.

Com. Well, come; you ſhall have the pleaſure of making an officer of him!—We muſt go immediately to your couſin, Lady Fallal's, who has an apartment provided for you, as I do not much like the appearance of your preſent ſtation.

Har. I ſhall be happy to obey you in every thing—but we muſt ſend immediately and ſeek my dear, dear brother.

SCENE, Lady FALLAL's Houſe.

Enter Captain Seafort.

Seaf. My Harriet is expected here about this hour; and though I am reſolved after this interview never to ſee her more, yet ſince we are to part, I wiſh to bid her an eternal adieu, and to ſhew her that with the ſame indifference ſhe feels for me, I can voluntarily ſeparate myſelf, for ever from her.

Enter Charles Steady, *with precipitation.*

Steady. At length, Sir, I have found you—every moment ſince we parted have I employed in ſearching for you—for never can my ſoul be ſatisfied till you have given me ample ſatisfaction for the unworthy and inſulting manner in which you treated me at our laſt meeting. So name your time and place this inſtant.

Seaf. Since you are ſo warm, Sir,—ſo impatient for revenge, let us not defer the affair a moment longer, my ſpirit can as little brook the coldneſs of delay, as your's; and had it not been out of tenderneſs to Miſs Temple's character, you ſhould not have been the firſt to challenge.

Steady. I am as ready, Sir, to defend her honor, as to aſſert my own.

Seaf. Draw then, Sir, and defend yourſelf. [*They draw.*] But whatever may be the deciſion of the ſword, I hope you may prove worthy of that confidence and regard which my loſt Harriet has placed in you.

Enter

Enter Harriet, *while* Seafort *is ſpeaking, and runs between their ſwords.*

Har. Oh! heavens! and ſo he is worthy of my higheſt regard.

Seaf. I doubt not that you think ſo, Madam, another time, Sir——[*They put up.*]

Har. When I ſaw you together, my heart rejoiced; I thought your preſent meeting but a prelude to that kindneſs I wiſhed you to cheriſh for each other —— and yet I hope this letter may ſtill unite you in friendſhip—read it—my kind benefactor, and know that my heart participates your joy. [*Gives the letter to Steady.*

Seaf. 'Tis enough to make him happy, Madam, that he poſſeſſes your affection, and ſince it riſes ſo much higher than what you ever felt for me,——I will withdraw all claim in your inconſtant heart, and ſeek the embrace of death to extinguiſh that bright flame, which long for you this fooliſh breaſt has cheriſhed.

Steady. Am I indeed ſo bleſt, my Harriet!

Har. My dear brother! [*Embrace.*]

Seaf. What can this mean! her brother! But why ſhould I partake their joy—and yet I cannot help it.

Har. [*Turning to Seafort.*] O Seafort! there was a time, and why that time is paſt, I know not——when I thought your heart would fly to embrace a brother of your Harriet's, and cheriſh him as warmly as your own.

Seaf. It does ſo ſtill, my Harriet—and nothing withholds me this moment, from preſſing him to my heart, but the painful recollection of having wounded his, by my unworthy treatment of him.

Steady. My noble friend! my reſentment is at once effaced by this acknowledgment. [*they embrace.*] In this embrace we will bury all remembrance of the paſt, and never more admit the ſlighteſt coldneſs to damp our mutual friendſhip—my gentle Harriet! what joy and pride I feel in calling you my ſiſter.

Har. That fond ſenſation is not new to my heart; for your tenderneſs to me, has ever made me look up to you as to a brother——[*To Seafort*] but I am impatient to ſilence every groundleſs fear which the myſ-

tery

tery of my conduct may have raiſed in your breaſt, and to introduce to you both, the generous ſource of all my heart-felt joy.

SCENE, Lady FALLAL's Houſe.

Enter Lady Courtney, *followed by* Morley.

Mor. And won't you underſtand me, Lady Courtney?

La. Court. How is it poſſible, Mr. Morley, when you never ſpeak to me but in riddles?

Mor. Why I've been told that ladies are ſo quick-ſighted; not the ſmalleſt ſpark of love they raiſe, ever eſcapes their notice——and ſo induſtrious, that they never allow themſelves to reſt, till they have fanned it to a flame.

La. Court. O Lord! thoſe were your veſtals, I ſuppoſe, who had but one flame to keep alive—but if I were to blow ſo hard, I ſhould be quite out of breath, for I have a vaſt many ſparks to attend to—

Mor. A vaſt number; indeed, Madam!

La. Court. But then they are ſo different; ſuch perfect contraſts, that 'tis very diverting to ſee them all together.

Mor. It muſt be very amuſing, ha! ha! ha!

La. Court. O yes; there's the briſk lively flame, in one, that blazes and crackles like a wood fire; but don't promiſe to laſt long. Then there's the dying flame, in another, which gives a kind of faint light, but very little warmth——And the ſtifled flame, in a third, which ſometimes blazes ſtronger than any of them, only becauſe it has been ſmothered.

Mor. I really begin to think that is the caſe—ſo I am reſolved to conceal mine no longer. [*Aſide.*] Now don't be frightened, Lady Courtney—tho' faith I am, [*Aſide.*]—you underſtand me?

La. Court. Not I, indeed.

Mor. Now do underſtand me, for heaven's ſake——for I ſhall never have courage enough to explain myſelf, if you won't aſſiſt me—that is, if you won't have pity on me—there I'm glad it's over. [*Aſide.*]

La.

La. Court. Pity! what a condeſcenſion for a philoſopher! but what would the world ſay to this---would it not ſmile a little, after all your boaſted indifference?

Mor. I wiſh I had not aſked her to pity me.——— I ſhall cut a very ridiculous figure after all---but there is no retreating now---I ſhall certainly loſe her for ever, if I ſhould relapſe again; hem. [*Aſide.*] The world, Madam---I---I had quite forgot the world---but I can deſpiſe it---and if you will aſſiſt me with a little of your raillery, I will laugh at it, in my turn, for the reſt of my life.

La. Court. And are you quite ſure, you could give up the whole world for my ſake?

[Lord *and* Lady Frankly, Sir Frederick *and* Lady Fallal, *appear in the back ground.*]

Mor. Quite ſure---nay, on my knees I'll ſwear it; though I never ventured to own it, even to myſelf before; but you ſhall be my world---and I---

[*They come forward and burſt out a laughing*--- Morley *riſes in confuſion.*]

And I am the moſt unfortunate blockhead that ever exiſted---[*Aſide.*]

La. Fal. O delightful! Mr. Morley on his knees--- well, upon my honor, I believe he is not a wooden man, after all.

L. Fr. Nay, Morley, I vow I did not mean to interrupt you, for I never ſaw you in a more becoming attitude.

Mor. Then why did you interrupt me?

La. Fal. It really is a thouſand pities, my Lord; for your philoſophers in love, I am told, are juſt like a piece of wet clay, which takes a long time to heat, but very little to grow cool again.

La. Fr. Indeed I only am to blame---for it was my impatience to ſee Lady Courtney, that made us obtrude ourſelves ſo haſtily.

La. Court. My dear Lady Frankly muſt be ever welcome.

L. Fr. Come, Morley, return to your poſt, and we will all ſecond your petition---my heart's ſo harmonized by

by my ſweet Fanny's kindneſs, that I could wiſh to ſee every friend I have as happy as myſelf—You had juſt given up the whole world, for Lady Courtney's ſake, and I think no woman could deſire a greater ſacrifice.

La. Court. O that's not half-enough, my Lord.

Mor. Not enough?

La. Court. No—in the firſt place you muſt give yourſelf up, and ſuffer ſundry and various operations to be performed upon you, before I can be quite content with you---By way of a beginning, I muſt inſiſt that you give up all pretenſions to philoſophy.

La. Fal. I am monſtrous glad of that; for there's nothing in the world ſo ſtupid as a philoſopher, and ſo every woman thinks in her heart—If ſhe would but own it.

Mor. Well I thought philoſophy an abſolute requiſite in marriage---but away with it---on condition, however, that your Ladyſhip never gives me occaſion to wiſh for it.

La. Court. Then you muſt not only think, but act like other men.---You muſt ſometimes flirt—always dreſs, and now and then trifle like other people.

Mor. Dreſs---flirt, and trifle.——————But I don't know how.

La. Fal. Then Sir Frederick ſhall teach you---for he is quite a dab at all three, as we ſay in the county of Mayo. I never knew any body in my life more expert at doing nothing than my little Baronet.

Mor. Has your Ladyſhip any thing more to propoſe?

La. Court. Oh yes---You muſt allow me to dreſs, flirt, and trifle too---and I won't have you look grave, when I chooſe to divert myſelf at a coxcomb's expence.

Mor. I'll ſubſcribe to all this, if you'll promiſe not to think me dull, when I chooſe to be rational, nor take the common method, which ſome ladies have, of enlivening a huſband's ſpirits, by trying to make him ridiculous, in order to ſhew off their own wit and humour.

La. Court. No, I vow I don't think I ſhall ever quarrel with you for being rational, if you'll promiſe not to try the common method which ſome huſbands take of ſhewing their authority, by being downright unreaſonable.

Mor.

Mor. Let us but ſeal the conditions, my dear Lady Courtney, and I'll promiſe every thing.

La. Fal. Well, I vow he makes a very promiſing huſband after all. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Commodore Broadſide, Captain Seafort, Steady, *and* Harriet.

Har. [*To the* Commodore] O, Sir! and muſt my brother leave me?

Com. You ſee he is reſolved; and you muſt not think me unkind, if I admire and approve his ſpirit.

Steady. Yes, my Harriet; the field of action is the only ſcene where I can emulate the virtues of my father; and when I have proved myſelf worthy of his name, my Harriet will not be aſhamed to own me for her brother.

Enter Major Seafort *and* Sir Timothy Valerian.

Major. [*Entering.*] Do you ſtand centinel at the door, Davy, while I ſecure this paſs---and, Sir Timothy, do you take poſſeſſion of the lady.

Sir Tim. That's ſending me on the forlorn hope with a vengeance.

Har. O heavens!

Seaf. Fear nothing, my gentle Harriet, while I am here to protect you.

Com. Let us lye-to for a while, Will, to ſee what the old boy would be at---He's always a firing in the wind's eye, and beating againſt the current---but we ſhall ſee what tack he's upon preſently.

Major. Come, Sir Timothy, obey your orders.

Sir Tim. You muſt excuſe me, Major---I'll hold the door for you, if you pleaſe---I wou'd do any thing to ſerve a friend---but I own my failing---I ſhould not like to take another romantic flight from the window.

Major. What a blockhead I was to depend on you---why the vengeance did you not own your failing before you came here? and I'd have had nothing to do with you.---Well, though you mayn't be fit for the ſtorming party, you may ſtand centinel, I think---Do

try

try if you can ſtand firm, and guard the ſortie, while I advance to ſeize that dangerous little---

Seaf. [*advancing before* Harriet] Give me leave, Sir.

Major. [*Interrupting him*] No reſiſtance, you dog.

Enter Lady Fallal, *in great haſte, followed by* Sir Frederick, Morley, Lord *and* Lady Frankly, *and* Lady Courtney.

La. Fal. For heaven's ſake, Commodore, can you tell me what means all this riot? The doors are barricadoed, the houſe is beſieged, and there's no ſtirring out without firſt having your head cut off with the butt end of an old ſpontoon, that's ſtuck up in the hall.

Com. I know nothing of the matter, Madam; we are all as much in a mift as you can be.

Major. 'Sdeath! I believe I have been miſtaken all this time---for if there's a General's daughter in the caſe---this is certainly ſhe---She ſeems to know the terms of art ſo well. [*Aſide.*

Com. Come, come, my old friend, though I don't very well know what you'd be at---I ſee you have got quite out of your track---but I hope to bring you into your proper courſes again, by preſenting this young lady to you, as my niece---and I deſire, Major, you'll give her a warm birth in your heart, as I expect ſhe will ſoon be honor'd with the title of your daughter-in-law.

Major. Your niece!---and my daughter-in-law!

Com. Yes, Major---and with her I ſhall burthen my friend here with a pretty large cargo of Spaniſh and Dutch coins.

Major. Spaniſh and Dutch coins! are you ſure they were all taken from the enemy, Commodore?

Com. Every doit of 'em, I promiſe you.

Seaf. [*Taking* Harriet *by the hand, and bringing her forward to the* Major] O Sir, do but make me happy, by embracing my Harriet as your child, and you ſhall find her all a parent aſks.

Har. I too would ſpeak, but that my heart is ſo o'ercharg'd with joy by the preſence of my Seafort's honor'd father.

Major.

Major. So, ſo---ſo---there's no ſtanding this---There is an enemy from a quarter I did not guard againſt---I never expected to have my heart taken by ſurprize----- but ſince it muſt ſurrender, divide it between you; and if my bleſſing can make you happy---why you ſhall be happy as long as I can live to make you ſo.

La. Fal. Why then, you are a ſweet old man, after all---and if you had locked me up in a priſon, inſtead of my own houſe, you ſhould have been heartily welcome, for you have made the inſide of it turn out as bright as a palace, by the joy of ſeeing my dear little Harriet happy.

Com. Yes, Major---you are now in the right channel for happineſs, believe me; ſome ſtorms in life we all muſt know---and when old age ſteals away our taſte for youthful pleaſure, we ſhould repay ourſelves by conferring happineſs on thoſe we love---'Tis this alone can ſmooth the roughneſs of our paſſage, and make life's current flow with eaſe.

THE END.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. ABINGTON.

HEAVENS! how I tremble! every atom ſhaking——
What, ſpeak an epilogue of my own making?
A talk for me——preſumptuous and abſurd;
But I have promiſed, and muſt keep my word.
Yes, I did promiſe with a ſolemn face,
To PLEAD our Author's cauſe, and ſue for grace.
How vain the thought! For pondering day and night,
I found——tho' I might ſpeak——I could not write;
Then to our Manager, I flew for aid;
You can aſſiſt me, Sir, for wit's your trade:
When of your comedy I ſpeak a line,
Each ſide-box cries, Oh, charming! vaſtly fine;
It's quite delightful, monſtrouſly divine.
The pit, alive to every comic ſtroke,
With laughter loud, anticipates each joke;
All but the Modern Fop, to feeling dead,
With heart of adamant and brains of lead;
Languid and *Lifeleſs*—lolling—yawns—takes ſnuff—
And cries, As god's my judge——it's flimſy ſtuff;
Heaven knows, I monſtrouſly deteſt a play——
It's a great Bore——what brought me here to-day?
Dear lady Mary, how can you——attend——
Will this man's nonſenſe never have an end?
Not ſo, Sir *Mac*——who juſt has croſs'd the Tweed,
Cries, Vary weel——ridiculous indeed——
The child had parts——oh, he'd been muckle keen,
If bred at Glaſgow, or at Aberdeen.——
Sir Paddy cries, Well, faith 'tis mighty pretty,
And comical, ſo it is—becauſe it's witty.
In Crow-Street, Dublin——this had cut a figure——
O you'd be great, were you a little bigger——
Thus flattering roundly, for his aid I ſue,
But all in vain——nor prayers nor flattery do;
The time's ſo ſhort, and ſo engag'd his pen,
In plays that muſt be done——the Lord knows when.
A ſcore of other bards refuſe to rhyme,
For like pretence——but wiſh they had known in time.
Since, thus obdurate, all their aid refuſe,
I, a mere novice, muſt invoke the muſe:
And ſhou'd my feeble efforts chance to claim
Your plaudits here, I ſcorn all other fame.
Aſſur'd our author's vaineſt wiſh wou'd be,
To ſhare the kind indulgence ſhewn to me.